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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

ETHIOPIE-EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

We have this week enjoyed a great archaeological treat, in being allowed to examine a remarkable collection of Ethiopic and Egyptian antiquities, brought from Nubia by Dr. Joseph Ferlini of Bologna, and at present in the charge of Mr. Rolandi, the bookseller, in Berner's Street. An account of the time, places, and manner in which this treasure was obtained is given in a Historical Narrative printed by Salviucci at Rome; and accompanied by a catalogue of the rare objects which it comprehends, and which are, in every respect, from the most rude to the most elegant, the most ancient to the latest of date, of extraordinary curiosity and interest. This interest is increased by reference to the site where they were found, and the toil and danger that attended the search; and we are sure it will gratify every class of intelligent readers to have such a description of the whole as we can lay before them from the pamphlet alluded to and an inspection of the articles in question. We shall only premise, that both as regards fabric and the subjects represented, they possess a peculiar value, and serve to throw a new light upon the fine arts, manufactures, mythology, and habits of the great and ancient Egyptian family of the human race.

The principal deposit of rings, bracelets, &c. was found in one of the forty-seven pyramids near the site of the city of Meroë, described by Caillaud and Hoskins; and these ornaments, probably also the money of the remote periods to which they belong,* are generally stamped with sacred symbols, deities, and combinations of attributes; and as they differ considerably from the Egyptian relics of the same kind with which we are acquainted, it is but fair to presume that they pertained to an Ethiopic or Nubian division of the old world, of which little has reached us through ancient authors but what is fabulous and wrapt in legendary and mystical superstitions.

The life of Dr. Ferlini, like that of Othello, seems to have been a strange, eventful one; and he too has to speak of antres vast and deserts idle. The relation has won our ear so much, that we think we cannot do better than run it over in a brief form, in order to convey the best idea in our power of the subject in hand. During twenty years our Bolognese physician pursued his adventurous course in Greece, Egypt, and Ethiopia. In Albania he was in the service of the famous Ali Pasha of Janina. He then sojourned in Athens, and married an Athenian lady. He took part with the Greeks in their war for freedom; and in 1825 published an account of a cavern on Mount Parnassus which he explored in his travels. In 1829 he proceeded to Egypt; and in 1830 was attached to a regiment of Mehemet Ali's stationed at Sennaar, the capital of Upper Nubia. Here he remained ten months; and was then sent into Western Nubia, and to Car-

tum, where the Blue and the White Rivers unite to form the prolific Nile. Here resides the governor of the conquered provinces of Bellet-Sudan; from whom the enterprising official obtained permission to conduct an expedition to excavate among the desert ruins of Meroë. The perils of this exploit were pointed out to him; but associating with himself an Albanian of the name of Stefani, who had traded in these parts, he disregarded all the predictions of murder by the cruel blacks, &c. &c.; and with thirty workmen, provisioned and paid by two Spanish crowns each per month, and a cortege of negroes and slaves, proceeded to the scene of his labours in August 1834. Camels, corn, dried meats, and necessary instruments, were procured, and the party marched forward to *Vod-Benaga*, where the travellers left their wives and families, and penetrated into the deserts called *Gallah-Volet-Memout*, where they found a fine temple, the exterior covered with hieroglyphics, at eight hours' distance from the Nile. Here they constructed a prickly fence, to defend themselves from the lions, and went to work on removing the accumulated sand from the foundations of the building. They could not, however, discover the entrance; and their attempts to force a way in from the upper part were equally unsuccessful. Five of their camels died, and the rest were nearly disabled by the fatigue of their journeys to and from the river. Their provisions and water were very bad; and the son of a slave who prepared their meals having also died, they were obliged to abandon their first essay with disappointment and regret. The next trial was at *Volet-Assan*, two hours from the Nile, where a smaller temple was examined with no better result; the famished lions roaring around their insecure encampment every night. In September they rejoined the females at *Vod-Benaga*; and explored some corridors there, apparently the cemeteries of the ancient natives, and containing a number of *burnies*, or vases such as are now used by the blacks in carrying water for their domestic purposes. They contained only earth petrified with water. In a lower gallery were some skeletons, presenting nothing remarkable, except that one in the middle of the others was reclining under a stone, with a sabre on one side, a lance on the other, and a bow and arrows. All became dust to the touch, with the exception of the arrow-heads, which are about an inch long, and of a mixed metal resembling platina. These are in the collection.

Some columns were also explored; and among the rest a superb quadrangular pilaster of red granite, with bands of hieroglyphics and figures. A large piece was sent to M. Mimaut, the French consul at Cairo.

Other things found in this locality do not appear to us to be of much importance.

The next route was towards *Bégaravia*, where the great pyramids exist, visited by the gallant and persevering Belzoni. Baskets of the hides of oxen were made to carry off the earth; and some of the slaves were placed guard over the camels, there being a few negro-cabins in the vicinity. The pyramids were seen at an hour's distance; and the impatient travellers

traversed the remains of ancient Meroë, almost buried in the sands. Some sphinxes of black granite, thrown down and mutilated, were visible; also many pyramids fallen into decay; and on the height of a rising ground twenty-one others in a state of ruin. *One only was still almost intact.* To the east, eight others were in a better condition than those below; and of smaller ones there only were left the porticos or sanctuaries, covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions. Here they resolved to commence operations; and to begin in the city, near the avenue of the sphinxes. Their pains were rewarded with only a few trifling specimens of slight articles in stone or composition.

! Dr. Ferlini consequently determined to assail one of the larger pyramids, which he did with 100 men, but augmenting in numbers between him and his companion to about 350 in the course of a few days. The first efforts were directed towards the foundation, where an entrance was soon discovered near the centre of the monument. A stair led to a small cavern, in which were the bones of the camel and horse, and the skeletons of lesser animals, supposed to be dogs. Pieces of camel and horse-harness were intermingled; of metal, with divinities and birds engraved upon them. A large stone at the bottom promised something of value; but being raised, only petrified earth was found. The heat here was so intolerable and suffocating, that the natives could not remain in the grotto more than five minutes at a time. An adjoining cavern contained a great number of human bones, thrown together without armour or any kind of ornament.*

M. Stefani, in the meantime, had knocked down another pyramid to the portico, where, in a cavern, there was a skeleton covered with a stone; in raising which the workmen broke in pieces a mass of material as large as an ostrich's egg, and either of glass slightly tinged with yellow, or of crystal.

There was as yet but little encouragement for the enterprise. The climate was overpowering, the provisions execrable; and every night was passed in apprehension of the treachery of the persons employed, and the barbarity of the negroes, who would not have hesitated to sacrifice the foreigners, in the hope of possessing aught of value which they had found.

Other pyramids were ransacked, but nothing discovered; though the neighbouring Arabs declared that they held great treasures of gold. They wished the excavations, &c. to be continued, so that they might get provision and pay.

Almost driven from his pursuit, Dr. F. at length decided to make a last attempt upon that one of the largest pyramids which he had observed to be almost untouched and perfect, at the extremity of the hill; the same which is described by M. Caillaud (vol. ii. p. 157, fig. F). Its height was about 32 fathoms, and each side about 48.

At the top of this Dr. F. put the first hand

* Could these be human sacrifices? The animals in the one sepulchral chamber, and the human beings in the other, bring strongly to mind the sacrifices to the mighty dead familiar both to Eastern and Northern history.—*Ed. L. G.*

* In ancient Egypt there seems to have been no gold or silver coinage; but both metals were, in all likelihood, circulated in the form of rings, though not of finger-rings, like those of the Ferlini collection.

to the work of demolition; and four of his labourers continued to remove the stones, which were crumbling with age. The thermometer was at 45° of Reaumur, and he retired for relief to the shade of an adjacent pyramid; whence he was hurried by the call of a faithful servant to witness him stretched over an opening, from which the negroes were endeavouring to force him, that they might plunge their hands into the cell. They were driven down, and other servants called to enlarge the descent. It was soon ascertained that the chamber was formed of large stones, and that the four lateral walls corresponded in shape to the pyramid. It was four feet in height, and six or seven in length. The first object which attracted notice was a considerable body, covered with a cotton tissue of dazzling whiteness, which on being touched fell into dust. This was a kind of table or altar (*mensa sacra aut ara domestica*), supported by four cylindrical feet, and surrounded by a balustrade of wooden bars, large and small alternately, curiously carved (a specimen, of light wood, is in Berners Street), and representing symbolical figures. It was under this table that Dr. F. made his grand discovery of a bronze vase, containing the precious objects in his collection, wrapped up in a linen cloth. Near it, and on the ground, were symmetrically disposed, by means of threads, coloured stones, vessels of glass, &c. &c., such as talismans, little idols, beetles, boxes, and other articles described in his catalogue, and marked to the number of 155.*

Proceeding downward, the construction was found to be very compact and strongly cemented. But in fifteen days they reached a central chamber, formed of three blocks of stone. Here, again, a cotton covering was seen; and the writer tells us his heart beat against his ribs with renovated hope. Alas, no more gold, but only two handsome vases, fresh as from the hand of the maker, and filled with a black dust, were deposited here. In twenty days more they reached the ground, and found it paved with slabs of black stone, called in Numidia *gallah*. In the vestibule the name of Caillaud was inscribed on a stone; and the whole was covered with hieroglyphics sculptured in lines. The figure of a man majestically seated on a lion, and holding something in his grasp which could not be made out, faced the entrance. The size of most of these objects rendered their removal from this immense desert impossible. No subterranean sepulchral abodes could be found, as in the smaller pyramids; but the way was blocked by beds of the black *gallah*.

The peril of the adventurous speculators now became so imminent, that they were glad to avoid a night-surprise, robbery, and murder, by a prudent and timely escape. They arrived at Berber; and visiting Abu-Achmet (where live the Bissarah guides, who travel for whole days across the burning sands without tasting meat or drink), and thence across the great desert of Cusculah, which the blacks call the *Sea without water*. On the first day they saw the Gaziah-tree; but on the six ensuing nothing but thousands of stones and hot sands. Some of the stones are represented as being curious: they are almost spherical, exteriorly covered with a hard ferruginous crust, and the centre filled

with sand of various colours! Dr. F. says they are like peaches or apricots, the kernel space being the receptacle of the sand. On the twelfth day they arrived at the Nile, between the first and second cataract; and journeyed thence to Cairo by the ordinary route.

In the end the author justly congratulates himself on having had his brave efforts rewarded by the possession (under such circumstances and in such a situation) of objects so rare, so precious, and so new to Europe, as, in the estimation of the best-informed antiquaries, to surpass all hitherto known, and cast a vivid light upon ancient history and arts.

In this we heartily join him, and are fortified in our admiration of his collection by the opinions of Mr. Hamilton, Col. Leake, and others of the most experienced antiquaries, who have turned their attention to Egyptian remains.*

* We have also testimony of the following high order, which, in justice to Dr. F. and his collection, we have not hesitated to add.

From Professor Rosellini, Pisa.

... You will do well to give an account in the newspapers of your rare collection; and if you think it worth while to mention my name, amongst the others, as having admired and prized it very much, I beg you will do so.

... I am inclined to think that in the original of the fragment, of which you sent me the drawing, may be read the name of Tahraka—that is to say, the celebrated Ethiopian king Tahraka, who reigned also in Egypt, and of whom I have already published the name and titles in my second volume of *Monumenti Storici*. This is the more likely, as not a few monuments of him already exist in Merœ. Upon this supposition, this fragment of yours would have belonged to an historical monument of the said king.

... At all events, even admitting that your stone is a counterfeit, that has nothing whatever to do with, neither does it in any way diminish the great value of the precious articles which you found in the pyramid, the genuineness of which is as certain as our actual existence. I am, moreover, in a situation to assure you, that that pyramid, as described by you, is the one of the king Tahraka. Of this I am convinced, not only from the imperfect drawings of Caillaud, but also from the very complete ones of Hoskins.

... I thank you for your polite offer to furnish me with the details and drawings of your precious antiquities. ... My object is to form a collective description of the monuments of the Pharaoh Tahraka, to shew the fine taste and the splendour which was kept up under his reign.

From Father Ungarelli, Rome.

... I have admired the richness of your discoveries, and see that you possess a precious collection, which I shall be glad to look at whenever I can. ... The name of Thutmosis the Fourth (not the Third) proves the great antiquity of the articles found by you: he is the same as the Meride of the Greeks. I read on one of your amulets the abbreviated name Tmouthph, the Egyptian Esculapius, son of Pthah. The others, in my opinion, are symbolical.

... I was astonished at the multitude and profusion of articles found by you. ... You are the possessor of a most rich collection, to be envied by the first museums of Europe. It ought absolutely to be purchased by the city.

... In respect to the articles found within and at the topmost part of the pyramids, an idea has struck me, which does not, however, militate against their rarity, which I think they are, for the most part, of Egyptian make, and very ancient—there hidden at an after-period, and mixed with some Greek pieces. ... The famous Capranesi laughs at those who judge your collection to be Grecian work, as he recognised, in nearly all of them, the Egyptian character.

... I inform you, that if the city of Bologna has the intention of purchasing your precious treasure, no time should be lost, as the viceroy of Egypt has by law prohibited the exportation henceforth of all articles of antiquity from that classic region.

... When I saw your articles in Rome, and examined them with the greatest impartiality, I was fully con-

† The fragment here mentioned is a piece of stone taken from the vestibule of the pyramid in which the gold was found, and on which is engraved an hieroglyphic inscription.

‡ The stone previously mentioned.

§ This name of Thutmosis is found in the hieroglyphics on one of the scarabei forming part of the collection.

It is not easy for us to convey an adequate idea of the various items which the enterprise of Dr. Ferlini has restored to the light of day. Six or seven pounds weight of gold rings and other ornaments, silver, metals, collars, bracelets, seals, cameos, scarabei, vases, bells, vessels, parts of arms, shells, glass, amulets, stones, pastes, &c. &c., compose the interesting whole. The treasures seem to belong to several countries and ages—to Lower and Upper Egypt, to the times of the earlier dynasties, and to those of the Ptolemies, if not to the Græco- or even Romano-Nubian. The chief or ruler, or whoever was laid in his magnificent tomb near the apex of the pyramid at Merœ, must have died rich in possessions, to have all these precious things entombed with him. Their devices remain to be deciphered, in conjunction with similar objects from Thebes or Carnac, in order to extend our knowledge of the ancient world and people to which they belonged. Many of them are purely Egyptian; others are mixed, and point evidently to other rites and another mythological system. The emblems are often beautiful, and often singular in their combination of a sort of heraldic divinity. The worship of Ammon is, among the rest, very prominent.

The making of glass, the composition of imitation-stones, the use of the lathe, enamelling, inlaying, pastes of various kinds and compositions, the twisting of chains like those of Trichinopoli, the mixture of cowrie-shells and

vinced that, with very few exceptions, they were all, and especially those in gold, belonging to the most ancient arts of Egypt; and I am ready to sustain that they are so for many reasons, which it would be too long to explain here. In respect to the bracelets particularly, I challenge any body at all acquainted with the ancient arts (of Egypt in particular) to say, that such work could have been produced elsewhere, or at any other time than that of the Pharaohs.

... I have nothing to say against the opinions of the learned English respecting the two articles, No. 4 and 21 of your table. They may be horoscopes. *Après* of your table (which is in the French pamphlet, published at Rome), I think that the figure No. 15 is a Dyon or Gom, that is to say, the Egyptian Hercules.

From Mr. J. Bonomi, London.

... I must now make an important observation, and that is, that amongst the collection which you possess I have remarked two black stones with a band of gold; these, according to my discoveries, I believe to be a horoscope (*Genæspeculationis*), which were anciently used; but that these interesting objects ought not to be considered of slight value, nor should you part with them for a trifle. ... I congratulate you on the discovery which you made of so valuable a treasure of Egyptian antiquities in one of the pyramids of Merœ, consisting of gold trinkets and ornaments, which are almost unique, and wholly so in their quality and kind; and I sincerely hope you will find our national establishment disposed to make you an offer which may reward you for all the fatigue, peril, and disbursements, which I know it must have cost you in a region deprived of all resources requisite for such operations; and where, had you not been supported by your position of Hakim Basha, most probably you would have lost your treasure, and your life been in peril from the known jealousy of the people.

During my stay at Napata, I was so fully persuaded that some of the pyramids there might contain objects of value and antiquity, that I made application to excavate; but the difficulties which I encountered, and the probability of being deprived of what I might find, deterred me from carrying my projects into execution. I mention this, because I am not aware that antiquities of the same description, or of equal value, are recorded to have been found in a pyramid; and from this circumstance some persons have chosen—perhaps not always from invidious motives—to throw doubts on your collection; but, be assured, however, that with those acquainted with Egypt and with Egyptian antiquities, it will be sufficient to exhibit your treasures to dispel all such notion.

Allow me to add, that your collection has a peculiar merit; for I am not aware that there are in Europe monuments of Egypt possessing the peculiarities of the style of that particular region where yours were found. Whether it is the most ancient style or not, is apart from our present purpose; nevertheless you have in your favour some great names on that point.

* From the discovery of this tomb and treasure near the apex of the pyramid, may we not infer that similar discoveries may be made in the same parts of the great pyramids at Cairo? For, be it observed that, pursuing his investigation, Dr. S. also found chambers in the centre, and passages at the foundation, similar to those which have been explored in the grand Egyptian monuments.—Ed. L. G.

other poor articles in necklaces, as of the South-Sea islanders, with their copies in the purest gold,—are all features of extreme interest, which ought to be seen to be duly felt and appreciated. Some of the god-forms and animal-forms are novel and spirited. A female head in a cameo, the helm embellished by a Victory driving a car, and the vestment on the breast clasped by a Medusa-head, is exquisite, and worthy of the highest Greek art. So is a noble Jove-like head, curiously crowned, and with leaves or wings floating with the bearded tresses. Others are more common, and perhaps more grotesque; but all curious. A pig, the perfect picture of one of our recently imported Chinese breed, crowns a pretty stone from the grave of a great man of Merocé, made many hundred years ago. Ichneumons, bulls, crocodiles, serpents, fishes, birds—(a singular one, an eagle like that of Austria, but with two human faces instead of the beak of the bird), wolves, or hyenas; &c. &c., figure on gold, silver, cornelians, jasper, wood, and other materials, &c. furnish subjects enow for a dissertation which it would cost a goodly volume to contain.

The collection has, we understand, been offered to the British Museum,—where, indeed, it ought to be placed among our already rich ancient stores of Egypt: but, either from the poverty of its funds, or from thinking the price asked too high (something above 3000*l.*, the cost of a second-rate picture), we deeply regret to say a bargain has not been concluded. For, after all, what is such a sum of money when put into the balance against many things which the world cannot match, and which are so invaluable in point of research? We would fain be the medium of preserving this collection for England; and from the slight intercourse we had with Dr. Ferlini, we must say, that he impressed us thoroughly with the sentiment that he was neither a sordid nor an unreasonable man. He certainly passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death to obtain these relics, and must consequently consider them as highly precious in his eyes, but still, we are convinced, not more highly than the British nation would be inclined to remunerate a brave undertaking, and reward hazardous scientific daring.

African Travels.

In Dr. Ferlini's description of his (the first European) travels in the Desert of Coruscab, there are some new particulars respecting the kingdom of Dahfur, and the spreading dominions of Mehemet Ali in that quarter of the globe, of which our readers will not be displeased to receive a translation.

"The kingdom of Dahfur is the most populous of this part of Africa. During a twelve-months' sojourn at Curdophan, I convinced myself that the Egyptian government could not reap any considerable profit from these provinces, especially in money. These people are bound to supply more than four hundred thousand pounds of gum-arabic to the viceroy of Egypt annually, for which they are paid in the ratio of a crown Spanish (5 francs, 35 c.) per quintal. The expense of transporting this produce to Cairo being about a crown and a half per quintal, it follows that the product of the gum becomes an exclusive privilege of the government. The same may be said of the elephants' teeth, for which the government pay ten crowns per quintal. The gum of this country is the finest, and the most celebrated for its rosy-white colour; it is infinitely superior to that of Mecca and Sennaar. There is also a trade in ostrich-feathers (*Struthius camelus*,

Linn.), but they are subject to an exorbitant duty. A giraffe (*Camelopardalis*, Linn.) may be purchased for fifteen or twenty crowns. In these deserts there are tribes called *Bagarih*, which means *herdsmen*. They are a wandering people, and only remain with their droves of cattle where they find stagnant water or ponds, which they call *full*. When the waters are exhausted, the tribes wander on in search of withered grass, of which there is always a supply about these deserts, in consequence of the great rains: The people of these tribes never eat the flesh of cattle, but drink the milk, and make butter, which they exchange for corn. They likewise use the butter to rub over their bodies, or, in fact, any other greasy matter, mixed with perfume. This custom is common only to the richer people. The *Bagarih* who pay tribute to the viceroy are not liable to be captured; but those who refuse to pay their imposts lose the protection of the government, and have their cattle hunted. Spies, paid by the government, give information of the pasturages where the droves are collected; three hundred regular soldiers and a hundred *magrabs* (officers) march in pursuit of the shepherds, whom they reach in about a month. The soldiers endeavour to effect a surprise, generally at day-break. The light cavalry break down the strong fences raised by the herdsmen to protect their beasts from the lions at night. An attack is made, and those oxen which do not get clear of the fences become the prey of the soldiers. The whole tribe, dispersed by the firing of guns, find safety in flight, not daring to offer the least resistance, so great is their fear of fire-arms. This hunt brings the Egyptian government at least four thousand oxen every year, which are distributed through the different villages under the power of the Turks, and then sent in small droves to Cairo; but as there is no water in the desert of Debbéb and kingdom of Dongolah, more than half of these animals perish of thirst. The detachment of soldiers, who conduct these droves, pass eight months in the country. Being one day at the house of the colonel (Rustam Bey, who, after his death, was replaced by Mustapha Bey), where a chief of a free tribe of *Bagarih* was staying, I asked how it happened that the tribe possessed so large a number of horned cattle, and so small a population. Rustam Bey assured me, that the chief then present did not possess fewer than a hundred thousand head. Persons acquainted with the Turkish government, and the despotism with which it seizes, not only the goods, but the persons of its subjects, will not consider this declaration exaggerated. To this may be added, that many tribes not eating the flesh of their cattle, their market-value is not more than two crowns each. It is remarkable, that these tribes do not consider this kind of beast an absolute necessity; since they only employ them in husbandry: they are often used as saddle-horses. The government of Cairo sell these oxen to the peasantry of Upper and Lower Egypt, and hence draw considerable sums. The war carried on against the unfortunate Africans is accompanied with circumstances of such barbarity and cruelty, that the blacks will not permit any white person to penetrate into the interior of their country, for fear of being taken as slaves. This mistrust is a reason why any imprudent traveller passing through would infallibly meet with a cruel death. The mountains of this solitude are far divided. The blacks have chosen the tops of them to build their villages on, in consequence of the great springs of pure water, which are as abundant

there as on the declivity of the hills and high interior plains. The inhabitants of these countries are always naked; they are idolaters; and are constantly at war with one another. Each mountain has a different language. They also choose the heights as their abodes, in order the better to defend themselves from the arms of their powerful white neighbours, the Téckétihs, the Darfuhrs, the Solucks, and the Tinkahs. In the caves there exists an anthropophagous tribe, who lead a wandering life in search of captives, who then become the prey of these cannibals. . . . In their language slaves are called *bandah-gnam-gnam*. At Curdophan I met with some of these barbarians, who had been made prisoners. I wished to learn from them in what manner they existed on human flesh; and was answered, that it was their custom to cut their prisoners little by little, to suck the blood which issued from the wounds, and that they finished their meal by devouring the still-palpitating limbs. One of these monsters expressed deep regret at seeing dead bodies buried. He told me, that in their country it was not customary to kill one another, but that their dead were used as food for the living. The Egyptian government hunt these ferocious people thrice every year, in the following manner: a body of two thousand soldiers, of the artillery, cavalry, and infantry, is collected, and followed by seven thousand camels, laden with water, provisions, and ammunition. Arrived at the foot of the mountains, the first operation is to seize and surround the springs. The old men preferring death to slavery, there are only the children, who, at the end of two or three days, have courage to come and ask for water, without which they can exist no longer. They are taken and placed in the centre of the troop. This expedient always succeeds; for if they attempted, in the first place, to drag them from their caverns, it would be more easy to massacre them than to carry them away; while, driven by thirst, they deliver themselves up to their enemies. Two thousand slaves, out of a population of between seven and eight thousand, are annually obtained by this means. The prisoners are then marked on the left arm with a heated iron brand, bearing the cipher of the viceroy of Egypt; this is to distinguish them from other slaves which do not belong to the government. When dealers buy these captives, to take them to Cairo or Mecca, they are marked afresh. The young men fitted for the military service are drafted into it. A bar of wood, about two metres long, is passed on their neck; it is split at either end to about 28 centimetres. The neck of these unfortunates is forced into this opening, and a cross bar is added to prevent it closing, and to leave sufficient space for breathing-room; the ends of the bar are then bound together with bands made of ox-hide, which when it becomes dried is as solid as iron. The poor wretches are then attached together by twos, are divided into bands, and sent to the chiefs of villages under the rule of Turkish dominion, who are obliged to accompany the troops and guide the camels. If one of these poor fellows dies on the road, his nose, ears, and the branded piece of skin, are cut off; and in these convoys it is not uncommon to see long rows of ears cut from all those who have died on the journey to Curdophan. Arrived at that town, they are exposed in a place surrounded with thorns and brambles. A Coptic writer receives these wretched beings, counts them, and gives dismissal to their conductors. These, on accounting for the condition of each individual composing their band, are careful to enumerate in their list the noses and ears of

those who have died by the way. These sad remains are vouchers of the good faith and care of the conductors, who would be held responsible for any captives that had escaped. Any person can now choose and purchase such a slave as he may require. If the purchaser is military, the price is paid on the conclusion of the sale; if he is a dealer, he is allowed a longer time: in either case, if the slave dies (and this often happens) inside of the enclosure, the loss is borne by the government; but if he has been once out of it, though only a couple of steps, the loss is borne by the purchaser. After this hunt, the government allows these tribes to remain in peace for a few years, to give them time to get re-peopled, and to furnish fresh slaves. The blacks of these tribes are distinguished from all other inhabitants of the mountains, by a red powder which they put, with some greasy substance, upon their hair. More than forty mountains have been depopulated by order of the viceroy. The young men fitted for the military service are incorporated with the Egyptian troops, and replace old or invalided soldiers; and as twelve years had elapsed since the first regiment stationed at Cudophan had been completed by the Egyptians, it had happened that it was composed of at least two-thirds of these blacks, and fear was momentarily entertained that they would take up arms against the whites. These provinces pay imposts, consisting of cotton-cloth, butter, corn, and very little money, to the government; which products are enough to pay the garrison. The troops that occupy the peninsula are always at war with the inhabitants of the mountains which bound Abyssinia after Phassogli. These mountains are Gunsavii, Barthavii, Tincak, and Soluck; but the government hardly cares to disturb the Abyssinians; first, by reason of the inaccessible mountains to be traversed, and next, on account of the inhabitants, who are armed with firelocks (*fusils à mèche*). It has, however, attacked the tribes of Tincak and Soluck, but with very little success; for these people, who dread slavery, know how to defend themselves to the last extremity. These different attacks against the independent blacks are directed by the governor-general. The troops are commanded by a lieutenant-colonel residing at Cartum."

Chronicon Mirabile; or, Extracts from Parish-Registers; principally in the North of England. 8vo, pp. 160. London, J. B. Nicholls and Son.

This is a very curious book, and may be considered as a specimen of the literature of country-curates and parish-clerks in the olden time. It is edited by Sir Cuthbert Sharpe of Sunderland; a gentleman to whose zeal and good taste we already owe several very interesting contributions to history and to popular antiquarianism, and who, with a modesty which is remarkable in a person of so much real learning and talent, withholds his name from good books produced with considerable labour and expense.

Parish-registers have hitherto been considered only valuable inasmuch as they furnished us with accurate information relating to the births, marriages, and deaths of certain persons. But Sir Cuthbert Sharpe has viewed them in a different light; he looks upon them as remarkable characteristics of the age in which they were written—as giving us a view of the intellectual character of a class of men through whom we see the state and condition of the peasantry—as affording us information

of great value on the state of society—and as illustrating a variety of minor points which ought by no means to be overlooked.

As we turn over the pages of this book there are many points which arrest our attention—many which afford subjects for reflection. The registers of the middle of the seventeenth century contain indications of the ravages of civil war in the numerous "sojers" who were bundled into the grave without inquiring after their names or families. Many of the writers of these humble journals appear as political partisans; some can with difficulty restrain their hatred of that "bloody usurper," Oliver Cromwell, while others fill their registers with prayers for the success of the Parliament. A series of singular entries of the latter description are found in the parish-register of St. Mary's, Beverley, beginning with the year 1642:—

"July, 1642.—King came to town y^e 7th day. Hull Mills burn y^e 11th day.

Sep. 1642.—Great danger of y^e kingdom & parliament.

Jan. 1642.—Lord Newcastle, rogue.

April, 1643.—Wakefield redeemed, 21 days.

June 30, 1643.—O'r great scrimage in Beverley & God gave us the victory at that tyme, ever blessed be God.

Thirteene slaine men on y^e kings partie were buried y^e xxxth day of July, 1643.

All o'r lives now at y^e stake,
Lord, deliver us for Christ his sake.

Scotts at Newcastle, 1643.

Newcastle & Newark besieged, March 17, 1643.

Newark forces taken y^e 21 day.

June, 1644.—York besieged by the Scotts.

21 June.—We wait for Yorke.

July, 1644.—York yielded up. b. g. p. h.—

(blessing, glory, praise, honour.)

June, 1645.—Sir John Meldrum dyed.

14 June, 1645.—Nazebies Victory, b. p. g. h. t. be given.

(blessing, praise, glory, honour, thanks.)

Aug. 1646.—Kingdom now quite doubtful of y^e treatie broken of the King & Prynce threaten sore: y^e Lord prevent y^m.

Nov. 1646.—Dublin in distress, Lord, deliver it for Christ his sake.

July, 1647.—Great debate betwixt y^e Parliament & the Army. Lord, cease it.

Dec. 1647.—Rob'd 8s. 4d.—Lord, restore it."

One of the remarkable things in these registers is the singularity of many of the Christian names during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We are also surprised at the numerous instances of longevity in the earlier registers, the age of from 100 to 109 or 110 being extremely common. We will extract at random a few miscellaneous entries. In the register of Hart, on the 26th Jan. 1630, it is remarked,

"Wind and snow,
the sorest day that ever did blow."

In that of Hesleden we learn that Jan. 1, 1663, was buried "Isbell Ellinir, an olde lame impudent woman." The observations of the clerk or curate who made the entry are frequently of the most amusing description. In the register of St. Oswald's, Durham, we have an interesting picture of the feeling of the country when threatened by the Spanish Armada in 1588:—

"Upon Munday beinge the xiiijth day of August, A^o p'dicto, the right honorable Earle of Hu'tington, lord presydent under o'r most gracyous sullerayne lady, Quene Elyzbe'the, caused a generall muster to be upon Spenyumore, of all p'sons w'thin th' age of xvi & lx yeares only, w'thin the byshopryke & no farther: when were assembled on Spenyumore y^e same

day to y^e full nu'ber of xl thowsa'de men redy to s've hyr Magesty when the shuld be called; whome God pres've longe to rayne ov'r us, a mether in Israell. Ame'."

The writer of the register of Houghton-le-Spring, in 1653, appears to have been moved with unusual zeal for the preservation of his register; in which he has entered the following public notice:—

"Let noe man whatsoever presume to scribble, blott out, or tear out any part of the leaves of this register booke, &c., as they will be answerable for such their great presumption and folly unto the gent, and fower and twenty of the said parish."

This notice appears to have been provoked by the following entry, made in the register by a fair parishioner who was not "privileged":—

"Jane Easthope is my name,
And with my pen I rit the same;
And if my pen had been better,
I should a mended cve letter."

In the register of Bishopswearmouth,—

"Robert, daughter of William Thompson, bap. 15 feb. 1730,—the midwife mistaking the sex: *ebrietas dementat*!"

At Newcastle, under the date Nov. 1645, it is entered: "No register kept, because it was lost." A writer in the register of Ripley in Yorkshire appears to have been desirous of bequeathing his character to posterity, although his account of himself is somewhat enigmatical:—

"I ham as I ham, and so will I be,
But howe I am, none knowethe truly:
I lede my lyff indifferently,
I meane nothinke but honeste, though folkes Juggel me sly,
Yet I ham as I ham, and so I bee."

Forget-Me-Not. 1842. Edited by F. Shoberl. London, Ackermann and Co.

THE first of the *Annals*, like old Saturn, has eaten up a number of his children,—though there are some Jupiters and Venuses remaining, in the shape of Keepsakes and Books of Beauty,—and yet in his age is as green and vigorous as ever. We really think that this year, both in embellishment and literature, the *Forget-Me-Not* is quite as good, if not better than ever. "Louis XI. at Plessis-les-Tours" and "the Surprise of Montrose" are prints of superior merit; Ernesta, by Hering, is a sweet frontispiece; Fort Rouge, Calais, a characteristic composition, by C. Bentley; the Dying Knight, by G. Cattermole, a touching scene; and all the others pleasing performances of various merit. The contributions are equally miscellaneous and agreeable. As specimens, we quote Mrs. Gore's pathetic little story, "the Fisherman of Fort Rouge," and Miss M. A. Browne's sweet thought on the "Fountain's Depths," though there are other pieces in prose and verse which would also serve to recommend the volume. The names of James Montgomery, C. Swain, the Old Sailor, Allan Cunningham, Mrs. Sigourney, Laman Blanchard, &c., are their passports.

"Every mechanical calling exercises a powerful moral influence over its followers. Those who go down to the sea in ships, above all, those whose prosperity is dependent on the stirring chances of wind and tide, are apt to be impetuous, wilful, and wayward, as the elements wherewith they have to struggle. Even when soft of heart, the sailor is hard of hand. He has no leisure for the expansion of these milder gradations of feeling which form the common bond between man and mankind. His vocation opposes a perpetual barrier to communion with his fellow-creatures. He loves

few, and loves them ardently; and his animosities are equally circumscribed, and of equal intensity. He carries with him to the great deep affections cherished with superstitious devotion; or some cause of deep offence, over which he broods in the desolation of that vast loneliness, till it seems to amplify and fill the mighty solitude around. In almost all fishing-towns, more especially those of the Continent, there is a land-population and a sea-population scrupulously distinct. In the French ports of the Channel, such as Calais and Dieppe, the fishermen have their quarter, their *palois*, their costume, their characteristic sports and dances, to which they adhere with all the prejudice of caste; standing apart from their fellow-townsmen, from whom they are divided only by a street or a brook, as tenaciously as Jew from Christian, or Mussulman from Hindoo. And thus their peculiarities of nature become hereditary. Even in early childhood, the fisherman's boy is as complete a miniature of the fisherman, as the young shrimp of the old one. During the summer-season, when the Calaisians and mariners of the Pollet (the fishing suburb of Dieppe) frequent, on Sundays and holidays, the same public gardens or dancing-booths as their fellow-citizens, the *matelot*, in his canvass trowsers and capacious boots, is never seen to give his arm to the tripping *griquette* or fawn-eyed *paysanne*; nor would the hard-featured *matelotte*, whose complexion vies with the glaring red of her short linsey woolsey petticoat of unnumbered breadths, deign to bestow a moment's attention on the smartest mercer of the market-place, or the richest grazier of the neighbouring marshes. Their hoarse, harsh voices, their rugged faces, their recklessness tempered by the superstitious piety predominant in simple minds engaged in a perilous course of life, seem to adapt them inextricably for each other. It is an interesting sight to observe the fishermen's families in catholic countries crowding the jetty or shore, when the turn of the tide is about to bring in the little fleet. In stormy weather, they are sure to be found in groups at the foot of the Calvary, with uplifted hands, sometimes with streaming eyes, awaiting the issue of the tempest; and striving, by the sacrifice of their scanty means in offerings to the Church, to propitiate the Disposer of the storm. But when the lightsome waves are rippling under a summer sky, and all is serene and promising, the fishermen and their amphibious progeny station themselves on the stones of the pier, or on their upturned empty baskets, speculating, in the least harmonious of voices, accustomed to outscram the wintry wind and predominate over the roaring of the surge, upon the chances of the day; disposing beforehand of imaginary turbot, and foreseeing draughts of mackerel all but miraculous. A few years ago, the saunterers upon the sands, or rather shingles, of Calais were often struck by a group, differing from the noisy throng watching the return of the fishing-boats, in so far that they were stationary even when wind and tide were set against the arrival of the boats. Whether the smacks were far out of sight, or at anchor within range of shore, either in the still moonlight or the equally silvery tranquillity of an early summer morning, there they loitered, almost under the shadow of Fort Rouge—a man, a woman, and occasionally a young girl, stretched at lazy length among the fragments of broken vessels, old capstans, splintered masts, bulkheads, and spars, abounding on the spot. Yet there was nothing prosperous in their appearance to account for this

undue luxury of leisure. Their garments were worn, their countenances wasted and sorrowful. Even the girl, though her naked feet had not lost the elastic tread of youth upon the sand, used to look wistfully back upon her parents as she bore along her mother's shrimping-net and basket, as if trying to beguile the poor woman into some wiser occupation than sitting with folded hands watching the vacant looks or unquiet gestures of her husband. But she was not to be persuaded away, even by the guileless arts of the poor child. Françoise knew that her place was there; that the thriftlessness which made her meals so spare and her pallet so hard, was a bounden duty. She was accomplishing woman's mission upon earth—the task of consolation! The man was her husband. But though often from sunrise to nightfall not a word of kindness broke from his parched lips to cheer the dreariness of her life, his silent moroseness was no offence. He was mad—heartbroken—dying; and she fancied that his madness and misery were her work! Three years before, Pierre Romeny and his wife were a happy, thriving couple. No brighter scarlet skirts, no richer cors of gold or pendent earrings, no wider Valenciennes frilling disposed in plaits upon the bronzed neck, appeared on fête-days at early mass, or on Sunday afternoons, on the jetty of Calais, than those of Françoise, paraded on the arm of her stout helpmate, and marshalling before her a little Françoise and little Pierre, as hearty and happy as themselves. The boy, more especially, was one of those sunny-faced creatures upon whom the eye of the stranger delights to dwell. Many an English family, disembarking on the pier of Calais, used to fling their first franc to the bright-eyed sailor-boy, whose glad-some countenance seemed like a favourable omen for their tour. All their little gains, as well as the earnings of his calling, were deposited with his parents. Good, duteous, thankful, the child had no existence save in them; adoring his mother, and obeying his father, as tenderly as they loved him in return, the little warm-hearted fellow appeared to be the bond uniting in steadfast harmony the thriving household of the Romenys. One autumn, however, a series of stormy equinoctial weather brought idleness, and consequently need and suffering, to the fishing population of the French coast; and, as if wantonly to aggravate the evils of the hour, Pierre Romeny seized upon the season of adversity to indulge in vices for which he never before evinced a propensity. To beguile his disappointments, he betook himself to drink and dominoes, squandering at the *estaminet* the means which had become doubly precious to his family. Remorse was now added to his miseries. He was ashamed to return home. He dreaded the reproach of his prudent wife; he dreaded the uncomplaining depression of his hungry children; and, encouraged by the evil counsels of those who found their profit in his folly, again drank, again gamed, again swore and blasphemed, while the angry winds howled round the resort of intemperance, as if mocking or menacing the offender. Again and again did poor Françoise present herself at the door, imploring him to return home. Her entreaties were met at first by sullen silence, at length with threats and imprecations; and when, in the despair of her soul, she ventured to despatch her beloved boy on the same errand, in the hope that his open, honest countenance would work its way to the heart of the erring but not yet hardened man, Romeny, infuriated by drink and shame, seized the little fellow by the hair and dashed him furiously against the

wall. On recovering from that stunning blow, young Pierre, pale and heartbroken, went his way out of the *estaminet* without a word. His only care was to efface all trace of his sufferings before he reached the presence of his mother, to whom he uttered not a syllable of his father's ill-usage. Romeny did not return home that night. Early next morning, Françoise hazarded another visit of remonstrance. She had to tell him that the Jeannette, of which he was part owner and master-mariner, was preparing to leave the port; that there was a lull,—that his comrades were all astir—that he must be at his post. But the dull eyes of the drunkard stared upon her as though he knew her not, proving that her words were spoken in vain. He spent that day as he had spent the preceding night, lying stupified under the wooden benches of the *estaminet*. For two preceding years the boy had formed part of the crew of the Jeannette. Carefully watched and instructed by his father, little Pierre was proverbial among his mates for his courage and activity; and already it was predicted by the older sailors that he would make as brave and expert a mariner as his father. Upon his mother's return from the wine-house, as if apprised by her swollen eyelids how matters stood, he folded her a moment in his fond but rough embrace, whispering a fervent but rough entreaty that she would thenceforward look to him as the support of her future years. Then, with a hasty kiss to his little sister, the young sailor hurried down to the quay, where the Jeannette was preparing to lift her anchor; explained in a few incoherent words that his father's absence was occasioned by illness; and commenced with more than usual activity his duties of the day. Pierre Romeny's place was instantly filled by an able mariner from among the numerous hands wanting work in weather so unpropitious; and the kind-hearted captain of the Jeannette, believing in the pretext of his indisposition, would fain have dispensed with the services of the boy, that he might attend upon his father. But little Pierre stood firm. Aware that his exertions were likely to become valuable to his mother, he refused to return home; and seemed to take pride in the idea of his first cruise, emancipated from the instructions of his father. Poor Françoise, who had followed him to the port, after watching the Jeannette pitch her way out of harbour, knelt down with a heavy heart at the foot of the cross, to implore a blessing upon the boy—her joy, her comfort. She dared not, even to the ear of Heaven, avow that he was her only comfort left on earth. A severe chastisement awaited her maternal partiality. Towards afternoon a heavy squall arose. By the time the lighthouse sent forth its warning brightness, the waves ran so high, and the darkness of the night was so terrible, that it surprised no one when the turn of the tide brought in only one of three fishing-smacks which had ventured out. The Jeannette was evidently unable to make the harbour! All that night did Françoise Romeny pass upon the jetty, drenched to the skin, chilled to the very marrow of her bones, praying, raving, despairing. Morning came at last, and brought no comfort; for, by the grey lurid light of an equinoctial dawn, she saw the wreck of the Jeannette stranded off Fort Rouge. It was not, however, till evening that the body of the only individual missing among her crew was washed ashore. The clamorous rejoicings of the wives whose husbands had been spared drowned the faint cry of the poor mother, when a dark object, entangled in seaweed, was snatched by the wreckers from the

waves, and deposited upon her knees. 'My boy, my murdered boy!' burst from the lips of the distracted woman (convicted that, had his father been at his post, the life of the lad would have been preserved like those of his young comrades)—'the curse of God be upon the drunkard who sent thee forth to struggle with the storm, while indulging in vice and cowardly idleness on shore!' In her distraction, Françoise saw not that the unhappy father stood beside her, with his eyes fixed upon the livid body of the child—bewildered, desperate, and destined from that awful moment to a species of sullen idiocy, the consequence of a shock received after the excitement of ardent spirits. But for the tenderness of her surviving child, Françoise Romeny would probably have sunk under the pressure of this double affliction. Anxiety for the living served, however, to tranquillise the violence of her sorrow for the dead. She soon began to accuse herself as the origin of her husband's affliction, and devote herself heroically to its alleviation. Apprehensive that Pierre might be moved, by some sudden impulse of remorse, to an act of desperation, she resolved never to leave his side when he took up his daily station upon the spot where the poor boy's body was rescued from the waves. There they used to sit, those heart-broken parents, stricken with heavy affliction; their bread bitter, their souls despairing, till it came to be accounted a bad omen when the faces of the Romenys were the first objects that greeted the foreign traveller, or the last which the crew of a vessel noticed upon shore. The gulls seemed to flit over their heads, regarding them no more than the spars and timbers among which they loitered away the day, watching for the return of the Jeanette, which Pierre Romeny fondly persisted would one day bring back their living, breathing, promising, bright-faced boy—the loving boy whom he had smitten—the dutiful boy whom he had allowed to meet unprotected the perils of the midnight storm. But they are watchers no longer. The repentant father is lying beside his victim in the cemetery of Calais; and Françoise the inmate of her daughter, now a happy wife and mother. It is some consolation to her gray hairs, that, among the young ones crowding to her kneest there is a little blue-eyed Pierre, in whose behalf her intercessions to Heaven are blended with many a faithful tribute to the memory of the dead."

The Fountain's Depths.

"The fountain's depths were dim and chill,
Though summer smiled upon the plain,
Though gaily sang the tinkling rill,
And softly chimed the distant main;
The blossoms, springing by its side,
Shed down their hues upon its wave;
Yet still its ever-gushing tide
Was calm and voiceless as the grave."

The autumn wind went whistling by,
Whirling the dead leaves far and wide;
Yet still no voice of sympathy
From those untroubled depths replied;
The upper waters might be stirred,
And the fringed grass and rushes thrill,
But from its heart no sound was heard,
Its source was all serene and still."

But when there came a quiet night,
And winds were sleeping in their caves,
The placid stars, with holy light,
Shone down upon its inmost waves;
Then fell there from the cloudless skies,
Unto its depths so coldly clear,
The light of those immortal eyes
That gladden heaven's pure atmosphere."

And by a silent under-spring
The gentle waters ebb away
To where the leaping streamlets fling
A thousand sparkles to the day."

May not the fountain's depths impart
Some image of the hidden worth
Of an unworldly, peaceful heart,
Thus lit from heaven, thus gladdening earth?"

Fulcher's Poetical Miscellany. Pp. 244. Sudbury, Fulcher; London, Suttaby and Co.
Fulcher's Lady's Memorandum-Book and Poetical Miscellany, 1842. Idem; Longmans.

THE first of these is a collection of the original poems contributed to the last during its seventeen years of continuance; and when thus put together, they more than confirm the favourable opinion we have always expressed of Mr. Fulcher's provincial labours. It is a sweet garland of flowerets and flowers; the earliest blossoming of some, and the more mature productions of other, votaries of the graceful Muse.

The *Pocket-Book* is neat and convenient, and pretty as ever; and the following bit of antiquity, from a volume of letters of the 17th century in the British Museum (vol. xxi. letter C.), relating to a native of Sudbury, and our great cathedral of St. Paul's, is so curious and interesting, that we are tempted to copy it.

"Superscribed
To Mistress Hannah Haybittle, Sudbury, Suffolk.
Care of James Herbert the Carrier.

No. 9 Ivy Lane, London, Sept. 3, 1669.

Dearest Hannah, my sweet Mistress,—Pray God that this may find my own sweet heart and lyfe well. I hope that James Herbert put into your own hands one letter which I sent. I gave him the letter myself; and he promised most faithfully to find occasion to conveye it to you. I know, my dear Hannah, you think it both hard and wrong to hide any thing from the knowledge of so kind a father as your's. The waggon returns into London on Tuesday; so I went to the yard in Bishop-gate, and waited for it to arrive. At last I heard the bells; and Jim Herbert, as he turned under the gateway, smiled at me pleasantly; and he said, wait a bit, young chap, I have somewhat to say to thee. After a while, he came to me, and told me how he met you walking on the Croft with your maide Susan, and how he contrived to give you my packet unseen of her. To think of such craft under a waggoner his frock!—but no letter from you. He says that you looked well, and seemed happy to receive my letter; and I am contente: but had you no opportunitie to write one line? I know how it is, dear Hannah,—you dislike any artifice; indeed, it is hardly right for me, who owe so much to your good father, even the abilitie to write this, as he sent me a poor orphan to the free-school, to tempt you in this matter. I can no longer put off telling you the good newes. God has indeed been good to us. Little did I expect such happiness when I left Sudbury last May: that morning, when I looked for the last time from the hill, I thought my heart would surely burst, and at one moment I was inclined to turn back; but then came to my mind what kind neighbour Smith should say she heard your father say about London; so I plucked up courage, and walked very fast over the Tye. Dear Hannah, it is a very sad lyfe to be alone in a great city. At Sudbury I did contrive to see you, though at a distance, every day; and I could walk in the pleasant fields and think about you, and read Master Shakspear his plays which you gave me, and which trulie have been latterly, with my Bible, my onlie comforte. In the evening I could pass your house to catch a glimpse of your shadowe on your casement, or to hear your spinnets sounding; and sometimes I found the neighbours shewing the carvings to a farmer

or two, who had been at the market, and it was sweete to my poor vain heart to hear them tell how the rich merchant, Master Haybittle, retired from London to his native town, and bought a house, and employed a poor young man, who shewed some taste for such matters, to carve upon the wood-work elephants and lions, and other wonderful beasts from the distant lands where he used to send merchandise. Then all said the carver must go up to London and become a great man. Well, I got to London; but no one would employ me; and my little pittance of money got lower and lower; and I used, for want of employment, to go to the churchyard of Saint Paul, and watch the building, which will certainly be one of the wonders of the world. Suddenly it struck me one day, that they would surely put into such a grand building carvings, such as I have often seen at Melford and the other churches; and I spoke humble to the foremen: but they repulsed me, saying, 'We want no hedge-carpenters here.' Nevertheless, I went day after day to look on at a distance; and a week yesterday, as I stood as usual, in great admiration, a gentleman approached, with papers in his hand, and he talked with the work-people; and at last his eye fell on me; and he said to the foreman, 'What does that young man want? I will not have any person about here, unless they have business'; and the foreman answered, 'Please you, Sir Christopher, he is a country fellow, who troubles us to give him some of the carving-work to do.' On this the gentleman, who I then knew to be the great architect, beckoned me towards him, and said, 'Friend, you want carving-work; what have you been used to carve?' Hannah! indeed you will hardly credit it, but I was so confused, that, forgetting all but what I earned my bread by whilst I was in the country, I answered stammering, 'Please your worship, Sir Christopher, I have been used to carve troughs.' 'Troughs!' said he; 'then carve me, as a specimen of your skill, a sow and pigs—it will be something in your line; and bring it to me this day week—I shall be here;' on which he went away smiling, and all the foremen and work-people burst into loud laughter. I do not know how I reached my lodging; but when I did, I threw myself on the bed, and shed bitter tears, and reproached myself for losing such an opportunity of explaining what I had done on your father his house. In the evening, the good Quaker woman, whose back-garret I rent, came up stairs, and, entering my room, said, 'Friend Philip, I have not seen thee since morning—I feared thou wert ill; see, I have brought thee some broth.' But I could not touch it. So she said, 'Tell, I pray thee, thy trouble; it may be I can help thee.' So I told her; and she said, 'Thou art wrong; for if the man who is building that great steeple-house requires such and such a thing done, why, if thou really hast skill, it will be shewed as well in that as in any other matter.' Her words were comforting to me; and I sat up on the bed, and ate the broth; and then I took my last guinea, and I went out and bought a block of plane-tree wood, and worked at my usually; and yesterday morning I in myself in my best, and wrapping it in a row from my kind landlady, I building. The work-people jeered very much that I should shew but on no account would I do so. or three hours, and then it was at Sir Christopher was arrived of the quality, to whom he was building. At last he and the rest

passed where I stood; but when I would have gone forward to speak with him, the foreman and others would have hindered me, saying, 'This is not the proper time; you may see that Sir Christopher is otherwise engaged.' But necessity made me then bolder; and I said, 'He himself appointed me this morning;' and I pressed through them. Directly his eye caught me, he beckoned; and I went towards him, and I bowed and undid the apron, and presented the carving to him. For a minute he held it in his hand—O! deare Hannah! what an anxious minute—and then said, 'I engage you, young man; attend at my office to-morrow forenoon.' Then he walked on with the party, still holding the sow and pigs in his hand; but when he got a little distance, he turned round and said, 'Wait until we pass back.' So I waited; and when they returned, Sir Christopher came up to me, and said, 'Mr. Addison—I think he said Addison or Addington—wishes to keep your carving, and requests me to give you ten guineas for it.' I bowed; and then he said, 'I fear I did you some injustice, young man; but a great national work is entrusted to my care, and it is my solemn duty to mind that no part of the work falls into inefficient hands—mind and attend me to-morrow.' So I bowed and ran home; and my kind landlady was also overjoyed. This morning I have been at the office; and I am indeed engaged to do carving in this most wonderful building. I leave, at your discretion, to acquaint your father of this matter; and if you would write to me only one line, it would increase the happiness of, dear Hannah, your faithfull servante until deathe.

'PHILIP WOOD.'

"My unexpected good fortune in finding this letter," adds the correspondent who has communicated it to the editor, "induced me to make some further search; and it struck me that the Report of the Commissioners of Public Works respecting the building of Saint Paul's Cathedral might, by some great chance, mention the name of this Philip Wood. My search was rewarded—I found this, pp. 90, 91, vol. iii.:—'Philip Haybittle subpœned from Sudbury, Suffolk, deposed that he received certain sums of large amount, as per receipts, given during the years 1701, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, for carved work in the cathedral-church of St. Paul. On inquiry from their honours the Commissioners respecting the difference betwixt his name and the name on the various receipts, the said Philip Haybittle deposed, that he married Hannah, only daughter of Ralph Haybittle, sometime a merchant in Cheshire; and by the terms of the will of his said father-in-law, he was obliged to change his name.'"

The Parish-Clerk. By the Author of "Peter Priggins." Edited by Theodore Hook. 3 vols. Colburn.

STATED to be the last literary task of poor Theodore Hook, we have sat down with little appetite to the Parish-Clerk and his three tales. The stories are laid in a village on the coast of Sussex, and relate smuggling and other enterprises, in which resident families are concerned, with apparent verisimilitude and reality. They move principally in the lower circles of life; and the following, though brought from another locality, may be offered as a fair sample of the whole.

"Two publicans and sinners—whom, for brevity's sake, I shall call Tom Taps and Bob Beer—(upon the same principle as a Mrs. Nightingale called her eldest-born Mesopotamia

Esarhaddon Nebuchadnezzar Nightingale), being exceedingly zealous in their endeavours to draw customers and beer, naturally quarrelled with one another: first they began sneering and speaking at one another, then in very naughty words to one another, which ended, as usual, in an appeal to arms. They mutually agreed (for the only time in their lives) to see which really was the best man: the result was not satisfactory, although Tom Taps beat Bob Beer to a mummy. The beatee was vindictive, and determined to settle his adversary legally—that is, by the law. He therefore asserted, in full tap-room, that Tom Taps had murdered a young woman and her child, whose bones he had then in his own possession, having been induced to dig for them in his tater-ground, from the circumstance of the murderer's saying to him, as he passed the garden-hedge, 'Don't dig too deep, or you'll find something.' The beer-consumers were horrified. Tom Taps was closely watched while the constable went for Dr. Dobbs, the coroner, who, in hopes of his guinea-fee and mileage-moneys, hastened to the spot. Four-and-twenty jurymen were sworn in; they did not require summoning, for they were all there ready; and Bob Beer told his story with as few variations as could reasonably be expected. The *corpus mortuum*, or rather the *corpora mortua*, were produced in the shape of a clothes' basket half filled with all sorts and sizes of bones. A shudder, of course, ran through the court, and all eyes were turned indignantly on the guilty Tom Taps, who did not turn pale; which, of course, was attributed to the hardness of his heart. The bones were tremblingly examined by the jurymen, and handed up to Dr. Dobbs, who gladly embraced so favourable an opportunity of giving a lecture on osteology to an audience that were obliged to sit and listen to it. After descanting learnedly for three quarters of an hour on digitals, tibials, femorals, &c. &c., he clearly satisfied himself that there were some bones of a woman and some of a child; but he was puzzled by one larger than the rest, which was evidently the thigh-bone of a man, but cut off so neatly as to lead him to suppose that it must have been done by a surgeon in dissecting a live or dead subject. How the difficulty was to be ended no one could tell. At length one of the jury—a respectable butcher in the village—begged to examine the bone of contention. He took it in his hand—all eyes were turned upon him. He looked at it, turned up his nose contemptuously, and throwing it on the table, said, 'I thought so—veal, by jingo!' and so it proved. Bob Beer had been wicked enough to try to prove Tom Taps a murderer, by re-producing the bones of a fillet and breast of veal, mixed up with the relics of a sucking-pig, which he had purposely inhumated a fortnight before. Dr. Dobbs slipped out the back way, and has not claimed his fees up to the present hour."

CATLIN ON THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

[In continuation.]

A FEW of the characteristics of the Mandans may serve to interest our readers, and, for the present, carry forward our review of Mr. Catlin's works. Their archery-exploits remind us of the stories of our own Robin-Hood age, and the martial English exercises which rendered her bowmen so famous and so fatal.

"The young men who are the most distinguished in this exercise assemble on the prairie at a little distance from the village; and having paid each one his 'entrance-fee,' such as

a shield, a robe, a pipe, or other article, step forward in turn, shooting their arrows into the air, endeavouring to see who can get the greatest number flying in the air at one time, thrown from the same bow. For this, the number of eight or ten arrows are clenched in the left hand with the bow; and the first one which is thrown is elevated to such a degree as will enable it to remain the longest time possible in the air; and while it is flying, the others are discharged as rapidly as possible; and he who succeeds in getting the greatest number up at once is 'best,' and takes the goods staked. In looking on at this amusement, the spectator is surprised, not at the great distance to which the arrows are actually sent, but at the quickness of fixing them on the string, and discharging them in succession; which is, no doubt, the result of great practice, and enables the most expert of them to get as many as eight arrows up before the first one reaches the ground. For the successful use of the bow—as it is used through all this region of country on horseback, and that invariably at full speed,—the great object of practice is to enable the Bowman to draw the bow with suddenness and instant effect; and also to repeat the shots in the most rapid manner. As their game is killed from their horses' backs while at the swiftest rate, and their enemies fought in the same way; and as the horse is the swiftest animal of the prairie, and always able to bring his rider alongside within a few paces of his victim,—it will easily be seen that the Indian has little use in throwing his arrow more than a few paces; when he leans quite low on his horse's side, and drives it with astonishing force, capable of producing instant death to the buffalo, or any other animal in the country."

A remarkable Robe of Victories, having designed upon it all the great exploits of the wearer, a distinguished chief, answered the same purpose with the Indians that Homer's Shield did with the Greek heroes; but the religious ceremonies of the tortures inflicted upon, and endured by, the youths before their admission to the rank of men and warriors are the most extraordinary of Mr. Catlin's revelations.

"First, they are held annually, as a celebration of the event of the subsiding of the flood, which they call *me-nee-ro-ka-ha-sha* (sinking down or settling of the waters); secondly, for the purpose of dancing what they call *bel-lohck-na-pic* (the bull-dance)—to the strict observance of which they attribute the coming of buffaloes to supply them with food during the season; and, thirdly and lastly, for the purpose of conducting all the young men of the tribe, as they annually arrive to the age of manhood, through an ordeal of privation and torture; which, while it is supposed to harden their muscles, and prepare them for extreme endurance, enables the chiefs, who are spectators to the scene, to decide upon their comparative bodily strength and ability to endure the extreme privations and sufferings that often fall to the lot of Indian warriors; and that they may decide who is the most hardy and best able to lead a war-party in case of extreme exigency. This part of the ceremony, as I have just witnessed it, is truly shocking to behold, and will almost stagger the belief of the world when they read of it. The scene is too terrible and too revolting to be seen or to be told, were it not an essential part of a whole, which will be new to the civilised world, and therefore worth their knowing. The bull-dance, and many other parts of these ceremonies, are exceedingly grotesque and amusing; and that part of them which has a

relation to the deluge is harmless and full of interest. In the centre of the Mandan village is an open circular area of 150 feet diameter, kept always clear, as a public ground, for the display of all their public feasts, parades, &c.; and around it are their wigwams, placed as near to each other as they can well stand, their doors facing the centre of this public area. In the middle of this ground, which is trodden like a hard pavement, is a curb (somewhat like a large hoghead standing on its end), made of planks, and bound with hoops, some eight or nine feet high, which they religiously preserve and protect from year to year, free from mark or scratch, and which they call the 'big canoe'; it is undoubtedly a symbolic representation of a part of their traditional history of the flood; which it is very evident, from this and numerous other features of this grand ceremony, they have in some way or other received, and are here endeavouring to perpetuate by vividly impressing it on the minds of the whole nation. This object of superstition, from its position, as the very centre of the village, is the rallying point of the whole nation. To its devotions are paid on various occasions of feasts and religious exercises during the year; and in this extraordinary scene it was often the nucleus of their mysteries and cruelties, as I shall shortly describe them, and becomes an object worth bearing in mind, and worthy of being understood. This exciting and appalling scene, then, which is familiarly (and no doubt correctly) called the 'Mandan religious ceremony,' commences, not on a particular day of the year (for these people keep no record of days or weeks), but at a particular season, which is designated by the full expansion of the willow-leaves under the bank of the river; for according to their tradition, 'the twig that the bird brought home was a willow-bough, and had full-grown leaves on it,' and the bird to which they allude is the mourning or turtle-dove, which they took great pains to point out to me, as it is often to be seen feeding on the sides of their earth-covered lodges, and which being, as they call it, a medicine-bird, is not to be destroyed or harmed by any one, and even their dogs are instructed not to do it injury."

Our limits prevent us from extracting the whole account of these remarkable rites. Of the most sacred object, which was elevated on a sort of scaffold in the centre of the tent, Mr. C. says,—

"This little mystery-thing, whatever it was, had the appearance, from where I sat, of a small tortoise or frog lying on its back, with its head and legs quite extended, and wound and tasselled off with exceedingly delicate red and blue and yellow ribands or tassels, and other bright-coloured ornaments; and seemed, from the devotions paid to it, to be the very nucleus of their mysteries—the *sanctissimus sanctorum*, from which seemed to emanate all the sanctity of their proceedings, and to which all seemed to be paying the highest devotional respect. This strange, yet important essence of their mysteries, I made every inquiry about; but got no further information of than what I could learn by my eyes, at the distance at which I saw it, and from the silent respect which I saw paid to it. * * * There were also four articles of great veneration and importance lying on the floor of the lodge, which were sacks, containing in each some three or four gallons of water. These also were objects of superstitious regard, and made with great labour and much ingenuity; each one of them being constructed of the skin of the buffalo's

neck, and most elaborately sewed together in the form of a large tortoise lying on its back, with a bunch of eagle's quills appended to it as a tail; and each of them having a stick, shaped like a drum-stick, lying on them, with which, in a subsequent stage of these ceremonies, as will be seen, they are beaten upon by several of their mystery-men, as a part of the music for their strange dances and mysteries. By the side of these sacks, which they call *eeh-teeh-ka*, are two other articles of equal importance, which they call *eeh-na-dee* (rattles), in the form of a gourd-shell, made also of dried skins, and used at the same time as the others, in the music (or rather noise and din) for their dances, &c. These four sacks of water have the appearance of very great antiquity; and by inquiring of my very ingenious friend and patron, the medicine-man, after the ceremonies were over, he very gravely told me, that 'those four tortoises contained the waters from the four quarters of the world; that these waters had been contained therein ever since the settling down of the waters!'"

Round these mysteries the neophytes suffered their initiation; of which the following specimen may suffice to afford an idea.

"After having removed the *sanctum sanctorum*, or little scaffold, and having removed also the buffalo and human skulls from the floor, and attached them to the posts of the lodge; and two men having taken their positions near the middle of the lodge, for the purpose of inflicting the tortures—the one with the scalping-knife, and the other with the bunch of splints in his hand; one at a time of the young fellows, already emaciated with fasting, and thirsting, and waking, for nearly four days and nights, advanced from the side of the lodge, and placed himself on his hands and feet, or otherwise, as best suited for the performance of the operation, where he submitted to the cruelties in the following manner:—an inch or more of the flesh on each shoulder, or each breast, was taken up between the thumb and finger by the man who held the knife in his right hand; and the knife, which had been ground sharp on both edges, and then hacked and notched with the blade of another, to make it produce as much pain as possible, was forced through the flesh below the fingers, and, being withdrawn, was followed with a splint or skewer from the other, who held a bunch of such in his left hand, and was ready to force them through the wound. There were then two cords lowered down from the top of the lodge (by men who were placed on the lodge outside for the purpose), which were fastened to these splints or skewers, and they instantly began to haul him up; he was thus raised until his body was just suspended from the ground, where he rested until the knife and a splint were passed through the flesh or integuments in a similar manner on each arm below the shoulder (over the *brachialis externus*), below the elbow (over the *extensor carpi radialis*), on the thighs (over the *vastus externus*), and below the knees (over the *peroneus*). In some instances they remained in a reclining position on the ground until this painful operation was finished, which was performed, in all instances, exactly on the same parts of the body and limbs; and which, in its progress, occupied some five or six minutes. Each one was then instantly raised with the cords until the weight of his body was suspended by them, and then, while the blood was streaming down their limbs, the bystanders hung upon the splints each man's appropriate shield, bow and quiver, &c.; and in many instances the skull of a buffalo, with the horns on it, was attached

to each lower arm and each lower leg, for the purpose, probably, of preventing, by their great weight, the struggling which might otherwise take place, to their disadvantage, whilst they were hung up. When these things were all adjusted, each one was raised higher by the cords, until these weights all swung clear from the ground, leaving his feet, in most cases, some six or eight feet above the ground. In this plight they at once became appalling and frightful to look at—the flesh, to support the weight of their bodies, with the additional weights which were attached to them, was raised six or eight inches by the skewers; and their heads sunk forward on the breasts, or thrown backwards in a much more frightful condition, according to the way in which they were hung up. The unflinching fortitude with which every one of them bore this part of the torture surpassed credulity; each one, as the knife was passed through his flesh, sustained an unchangeable countenance; and several of them, seeing me making sketches, beckoned me to look at their faces, which I watched through all this horrid operation, without being able to detect any thing but the pleasantest smiles as they looked me in the eye, while I could hear the knife rip through the flesh, and feel enough of it myself to start involuntarily and uncontrollable tears over my cheeks. When raised to the condition above described, and completely suspended by the cords, the sanguinary hands through which he had just passed turned back to perform a similar operation on another who was ready, and each one in his turn passed into the charge of others, who instantly introduced him to a new and improved stage of their refinements in cruelty. Surrounded by imps and demons as they appear, a dozen or more, who seem to be concerting and devising means for his exquisite agony, gather around him, when one of the number advances towards him in a sneering manner, and commences turning him round with a pole which he brings in his hand for the purpose. This is done in a gentle manner at first, but gradually increased; when the brave fellow, whose proud spirit can control its agony no longer, burst out in the most lamentable and heart-rending cries that the human voice is capable of producing, crying forth a prayer to the Great Spirit to support and protect him in this dreadful trial, and continually repeating his confidence in his protection. In this condition, he is continued to be turned faster and faster; and there is no hope of escape from it, nor chance for the slightest relief, until, by fainting, his voice falters, and his struggling ceases, and he hangs apparently a still and lifeless corpse! When he is, by turning, gradually brought to this condition, which is generally done within ten or fifteen minutes, there is a close scrutiny passed upon him among his tormentors, who are checking and holding each other back as long as the least struggling or tremor can be discovered, lest he should be removed before he is (as they term it) 'entirely dead.' When brought to this alarming and most frightful condition, and the turning has gradually ceased, as his voice and his strength have given out, leaving him to hang entirely still, and apparently lifeless—when his tongue is distended from his mouth, and his medicine-bag, which he has affectionately and superstitiously clung to with his left hand, has dropped to the ground,—the signal is given to the men on the top of the lodge, by gently striking the cord with the pole below, when they very gradually and carefully lower him to the ground. In this helpless condition he lies, like a loath-

some corpse to look at, though in the keeping (as they call it) of the Great Spirit, whom he trusts will protect him, and enable him to get up and walk away. As soon as he is lowered to the ground thus, one of the bystanders advances, and pulls out the two splints or pins from the breasts and shoulders, thereby disengaging him from the cords by which he has been hung up; but leaving all the others with their weights, &c. hanging to his flesh. In this condition he lies for six or eight minutes, until he gets strength to rise and move himself; for no one is allowed to assist or offer him aid, as he is here enjoying the most valued privilege which a Mandan can boast of, that of 'trusting his life to the keeping of the Great Spirit,' in this time of extreme peril. As soon as he is seen to get strength enough to rise on his hands and feet, and drag his body around the lodge, he crawls, with the weights still hanging to his body, to another part of the lodge, where there is another Indian sitting with a hatchet in his hand, and a dried buffalo-skull before him; and here, in the most earnest and humble manner, by holding up the little finger of his left hand to the Great Spirit, he expresses to him, in a speech of a few words, his willingness to give it as a sacrifice; when he lays it on the dried buffalo-skull, where the other chops it off near the hand, with a blow of the hatchet! Nearly all of the young men whom I saw passing this horrid ordeal gave, in the above manner, the little finger of the left hand; and I saw also several, who immediately afterwards (and apparently with very little concern or emotion), with a similar speech, extended, in the same way, the fore-finger of the same hand, and that too was struck off; leaving on the left hand only the two middle fingers and the thumb; all which they deem absolutely essential for holding the bow, the only weapon for the left hand. One would think that this mutilation had thus been carried quite far enough; but I have since examined several of the head chiefs and dignitaries of the tribe, who have also given, in this manner, the little finger of the right hand, which is considered by them to be a much greater sacrifice than both of the others; and I have found also a number of their most famous men, who furnish me incontestable proof, by five or six corresponding scars on each arm, and each breast, and each leg, that they had so many times in their lives submitted to this almost incredible operation, which seems to be optional with them; and the oftener they volunteer to go through it, the more famous they become in the estimation of their tribe. No bandages are applied to the fingers which have been amputated, nor any arteries taken up; nor is any attention whatever paid to them or the other wounds; but they are left (as they say) 'for the Great Spirit to cure, who will surely take good care of them.' It is a remarkable fact (which I learned from a close inspection of their wounds from day to day), that the bleeding is but very slight and soon ceases, probably from the fact of their extreme exhaustion and debility, caused by want of sustenance and sleep, which checks the natural circulation, and admirably, at the same time, prepares them to meet the severity of these tortures without the same degree of sensibility and pain, which, under other circumstances, might result in inflammation and death. During the whole of the time of this cruel part of these most extraordinary inflictions, the chiefs and dignitaries of the tribe are looking on, to decide who are the hardest and 'stoutest hearted'—who can hang the longest by his flesh before

he faints, and who will be soonest up, after he has been down; that they may know whom to appoint to lead a war-party, or place at the most honourable and desperate post. The four old men are incessantly beating upon the sacks of water and singing the whole time, with their voices strained to the highest key, vaunting forth, for the encouragement of the young men, the power and efficacy of the medicine-pipe, which has disarmed the monster O-kee-he-de (or evil spirit), and driven him from the village, and will be sure to protect them and watch over them through their present severe trial."

The rest of this frightful and tragic scene is performed outside: but we have quoted enough of these savage performances, and must, for another week, leave our torn and exhausted Indians to rest and restoration.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Outline of a Method of Model-Mapping. By J. Bailey Denton. London, 1841. J. Weale. This is a little work with great pretensions. "It is proposed, by means of composition, and appliances not requiring to be here detailed, to shew, not only the undulations of the ground, but all houses, buildings, woods, hedge-rows, mounds, hollows, and water, as well in relief and cavity as in area; and, moreover, to colour, corresponding with nature, the whole surface: distinguishing the state of husbandry of each piece of land and shewing the direction of the current of all streams and watercourses." Water in relief and cavity mean, probably, the jets and wells, if such there should be, on the estate modelled; or if the expression be intended to apply to every term preceding, then will the elevations and depressions be on a scale corresponding with nature, and the colour, moreover, "distinguishing the state of husbandry," &c. But "landowners will (possessing a model) secure to themselves and their descendants a documental work of art, valuable as an appertinent heir-loom, passing down to remote generations, at an expense only (after the original cost) of a room in their mansions, which might well serve as a muniment-room, or library,—the model-map constituting a present illustration of the surrounding records and documents of title." And consequently, the model being coloured corresponding with nature and an "appertinent heir-loom," involves the necessity of (to insure accuracy as a present illustration) a strict adherence to original culture, which in good husbandry would be an anomaly. Sterility in some cases would be the result; and the muniment (money meant?) room would afford but a poor illustration of the "surrounding records and documents of title." The whole style of the first twenty-four pages of this work is bombastic and absurd; the remainder explains the construction and practical details of the method of model-mapping, which may be consulted with benefit (the sections of models should have been more accurate), as doubtless the models at Mr. Denton's, No. 9 Gray's Inn Square; for no one will dispute the advantage of a model over a plan and section of an estate, for the facility of drainage, irrigation, &c. An inflated pamphlet on such subjects is either not read, or, if read, laughed at.

Proceedings of the London Electrical Society. Edited by the Secretary. Part II. London, 1841. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. From time to time, or rather from month to month, have we given the titles or abstracts of the several papers read at the Electrical Society, referring, on occasions, to the forthcom-

ing quarterly volume for a more detailed account of such subjects as we deemed novel and of value. The *Proceedings* before us contain nineteen papers of varied interest, edited with care, and illustrated. The more immediately interesting, we consider, as being practically useful, are, "a new electro-magnetic engine," by Mr. B. Hill; and "the test for nitric acid in sulphuric acid," by Mr. C. V. Walker. There are also papers, by Mr. Pine, "on the connexion of electricity and vegetation;" and, by Mr. T. Pollock, "on the nature of the change of colour of bodies by heat;" and others well worthy of perusal and reflection.

An Essay on the Use of the Spirit-Level, as applied to Engineering and other Purposes. By T. Oswald Blackett. 8vo, pp. 106. 1838. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, E. Chanley; London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

MR. BLACKETT says in his preface, that this work had been a considerable time in the press, in consequence of his "intention of publishing with it tables for the more readily finding by inspection the contents of earth-work; but as this would considerably increase the price of the work, it has been thought advisable to publish them separately." This, doubtless, will account also for a book dated 1838 not reaching us until 1841. Having been two years in the press, the *Essay* should have been without fault; yet this is not the case, although the errors are only typographical and trivial, and probably not attributable to the author: where he is more immediately concerned, we can detect no error. Several years' practical experience in engineering form the ground-work of his literary labours, descriptions, instructions, reductions, rules, &c. &c. These, together with elementary and practical examples, exercises in recording levels in the field-book, and in reducing the observations to the true level,—in short, the whole practical art of levelling, and the principles upon which it is founded,—make up an essay which must afford valuable assistance to the student desirous of eminence in the emulative profession of surveyor or engineer.

Electrotype Manipulation, Part II. By C. V. Walker. London, 1841. G. Knight and Sons.

This little work is a continuation of Mr. Walker's instructions in this interesting art, as applicable to electro-plating, electro-gilding, and electro-etching. We have already made favourable mention of the manner in which the author's practical experience has enabled him to treat and illustrate his subject.

Practical Exposition of the Gospel according to St. John. By the Rev. R. Anderson, Brighton. Vol. II. London, Hatchard and Son.

A CONTINUATION of Mr. Anderson's valuable illustration of one of the most important portions of Scripture.

Village-Church Sermons, on subjects for the most part taken out of the Old Testament. By the Rev. Francis Jones, M.A., &c. 12mo, pp. 413. Burns.

HIGHLY evangelical, and dwelling with pious feeling much upon doctrinal points.

Sir Edward Smeard's Narrative of his Shipwreck, and Discovery of Islands in the Caribbean Sea. Edited by Miss Jane Porter. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

WE are not surprised that this interesting work should have reached a third edition. Those who remember what we said of it on its first appearance might be prepared for so favourable a result; but we will add, that, except there is

great merit and attraction, works now o' days do not go through several editions. Any further recommendation is unnecessary.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PURIFYING WATERS.

WE have already, in our notice of Professor Clark's pamphlet (*Lit. Gaz.* No. 1287), brought this subject before our readers, and explained the process by which the patentee proposes to render certain waters less impure and less hard, for the supply and use of manufactories, towns, &c. We recur to the matter in consequence of having been present, by invitation, with many men eminent in science,* with several representatives of the London Water-Companies, and with a numerous general audience, at a lecture, delivered by Professor Clark, at the Polytechnic Institution, on Thursday last. The practical illustration, and the details of proportion, tests, &c., described and exhibited, confirmed our opinion of the efficacy and value of the process by which three-fourths of the hardening matter may be separated from the waters supplied to the metropolis. Indeed, so far as the scale upon which the experiments have been made, there can be no doubt of success. The chemical means are efficient. And we anticipate no failure, although there must be numerous difficulties to overcome in the mechanical means necessary for the practical process of purifying daily about thirty-seven and a half millions of imperial gallons of water (used in twenty-four hours in London), and separating from it about fifty tons of chalk. Specimens of gallons of water in the ordinary state, as supplied by the New-River, the Chelsea, the West-Middlesex, and the Grand-Junction Companies, and of the like waters purified by the new process, were to be seen in juxtaposition. The superiority of the latter, as to clearness, was evident. As also when used with soap. Instead of the hard feel and the curdy substance produced in the former, there was a soft and beautiful lather on the latter. The superiority, also, must be great in reference to all culinary and manufacturing purposes, especially the latter where steam-engines are employed. From the purified water there can be but little, if any, fur deposited. This of itself is a great advantage, and will be the prevention of many accidents from bursting of boilers, fires, &c. How, may not be intelligible to the general, but will be readily understood by the scientific reader: our space will not permit us to dilate. Having thus again testified to the value of the new process, there is one point connected with it worthy of grave consideration; and we throw it out for Professor Clark to weigh, should it not already have been taken into account by him. It suggested itself to us on Thursday, when a solution of the chloride of lead was used as a test. Should the waters of London, passing through leaden pipes, and into leaden cisterns in many cases, be cleansed thoroughly from their neutral salts (the preservative powers of which, in consequence of the insoluble compound their acid is capable of forming with lead, are well known), would they not become highly poisonous? Or would there be, after Professor Clark's process, which separates three-fourths of the hardening matter, a sufficiency of carbonates, muriates, or sulphates present to prevent the ill consequences from

the corrosion of lead, which would, we conceive, the more readily take place in the purified water? To the presence of the bicarbonate of lime in the metropolitan waters we attribute chiefly the harmlessness of the corrosion of lead under present circumstances. It is for the projectors of the purifying process to consider the effect, in this respect, that may be produced on the health of the inhabitants of London. We may have thus subjected ourselves to the animadversion of Prof. Clark; and possibly may become the concluding subject of his next lecture, similarly to that on Tuesday on the writer of a stricture in the *Examiner* on the new process; but to warn of danger, and to add to the public security, are public duties. The veil of anonymous was drawn from the critic of the *Examiner*. Prof. Clark announced him Dr. Parris, and denounced his judgment and fairness. The critic, he said, admitted the truths of the pamphlet, but remarked that the muriates and sulphates remained untouched. Now, the pamphleteer only proposed to affect the foreign hardening matter; and this he has fully accomplished. Another criticism was,—no security was given against the obtaining an excess of lime in the water; in reply to which, Prof. Clark observed, that a most minute account of the measures whereby this would be prevented, was given in his specification referred to in his pamphlet, and which should have been consulted previously to the stricture. Further, the critic said the states of the water varied from season to season, and could not, therefore, always be known. The patentee replies, that the state of the water can be known at all seasons, and for every quarter of an hour. Finally, Prof. Clark commented strongly on the conduct of Dr. Parris in this matter.

NUMISMATICS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

IN looking over the extensively varied Irish coinages of Edward the IVth brought together by Dr. Smith of Dublin in his recent publication, with such severe truth and elegant accuracy as makes each coin, engraved as an illustration, literally a portrait,—we are forcibly, though painfully, struck, when admiring the boundless fancy and composition of the Irish mint four hundred years past with the contrast which we at present behold, in the worse than penury of design exhibited by the shillings and sixpences issued from the imperial mint of King William IVth and our most gracious sovereign lady Queen Victoria.

For some goodly reason, which the authors of the change, with all the modesty of exalted genius, have never paraded before the public, and which the public have been too pudding-headed to find out without being first told, the royal arms were discontinued on these two coins. It would not have tasked medallist genius very severely to have substituted something rather more in accordance with the assumed "spread" of classical taste in this country—the grotesque chimeras of heraldry—the worshippers of which science clearly escape the prohibitions of the decalogue, as their idols have no resemblances "either in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth." Having purchased the Elgin marbles, and built, if not a temple, at least a very respectable town-house to receive them, we might have been expected to have made one step on the coinage towards an approximation with Grecian numismatic excellence. At all events, it did not appear possible that we could make a move without at least advancing one step. But it was

reserved for the mint of 1831-1841, to astonish the admirers of Greek and Roman coins with a fact—hitherto unsuspected by them—that mere heraldic bearings is not the very lowest step to which coinage may be reduced—that there is yet even an infinitely lower deep; for you may, as they have given you positive, practical proof, sink from the graver to the punch! "Live and learn," says the old adage—live and unlearn, says part of our coinage. We hear much of the want of knowledge and of industry in the negro kingdom of Hayti. It may be so: and they do seem, and probably are, ignorant of that merely mechanical process of manufacturing a die with a punch and hammer; for they certainly use the graver in their mint, and contrive to scratch in on their coinage an intelligible representation of the tree of liberty, guarded by cannons—a hint as significant as the motto of our Oliver Cromwell on his coinage: "*Pax queritur Bello*," followed by, "*Has nisi periturus mihî animat Nemo*," on the edge of his crown and half-crown.

Return we from the island of Hayti, and admire that the high and mighty Sovereign of the islands of Great Britain and Ireland, and the West Indies—the British provinces of North America, Australia, and what not—with all Hindostan to boot,—a sceptre ruling more than one hundred and fifty millions of subjects,—admire, or be astonished, that this great monarch's mint issues a coinage charged with a bare inscription! coins turned out in the most approved Brummagem fashion; manufactured on their long-standing medallist recipe "for making a medal" in the smitheries—"a head on one side, on the other an inscription within a wreath."

But, supposing that we must come down to a mere inscription, and sink our noble to ninepence, yet inscriptions have their relative inequalities of better or worse. And we might have had a moral lesson, or a moment of a religious cast, "*Here to-day, gone to-morrow*" (quite in character with the migratory habits of the coin itself). Or we might have been reminded of our duty to the Crown: "*Honour the Queen*." Or, as there will be drones in all hives, "*Mind your business*," would not have been amiss. Any of these, I think, Mr. Editor, rather than to place the value* or denomination on coins which the mint have been striking for the last three hundred and fifty years. The

* The very able and learned editor of the *Numismatic Chronicle* has allowed his good nature fairly to put good taste to sleep, when he volunteers the remark that the mint has "classical authority" for placing its value on the coinage. Now on this, first, I would suggest that, though there may be precedent, there cannot be authority to justify our doing any thing which is manifestly absurd and ridiculous to every man, woman, and child in the three kingdoms, from Queen Victoria on her throne to little Bessie in the cottage. Has that admired writer on coins one half-grain of doubt on the question? Has he even a scintilla of suspicion that any one individual in England, Scotland, or Ireland, requires to be informed by the mint what the value of either coin actually is? Then why obtrude what is neither useful nor ornamental? And, secondly, I would remark, that if the mint shelter themselves under the authority of the Grecian coinage, so pitiably pointed out for them in the *Numismatic*, they must take on themselves the whole precedent; and while they revel in idle legends on one class of coins, they must also labour in classical personifications on the remainder. If the shilling and sixpence are to continue useless inscriptions, the crown and half-crown are to present us Syrian busts and Syracusan reverses. No reciprocity all on one side, Mr. Editor. But doing this, giving us really a Grecian coinage, in its splendour as well as its eclipse—and Mr. Wyon is perfectly capable of equalling any Greek engraver, from the days of Pericles to those of Hiero the Second,—I am content that "One Shilling," and "Sixpence," or any thing else, even more ridiculous, if the wit of man can devise it, shall remain, with all their blushing honours thick upon them. A. M.

* Among the audience we rejoiced to see Mr. Faraday, looking remarkably well, and restored to health by his Swiss excursion.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

more I puzzle over this matter, the less I comprehend it. We have a mint with machinery unvalued, whose power could roll out a bar of silver as thick as the Monument into sixpences (I heard the late Mr. Atkinson pleasantly say so to the late Mr. Miles); and our chief engraver, in his department, is equally unvalued. If Mr. Wyon was left to the free exercise of his own powers of composition and execution, I would back England against Greece and Rome. Why, then, have we only "One Shilling" and "Sixpence?"—Why?

"Tell me, gentle shepherd, why?"

AGNETA MONETA.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

SEPT. 6th.—Mr. Saunders, pres. in the chair; who read an extract of a letter from Mr. S. S. Saunders, vice-consul of Albania, relative to the habits of the trap-door spider, *Mygale ionica*. Mr. Tulk exhibited specimens of *Tachina picta* reared from the abdomen of *Carabus violaceus*. The Rev. T. W. Hope communicated a notice from Professor Royle on the destructive habits of a large Indian species of *Lamia*; he also read a letter from Dr. Cantor, at present engaged in the Chinese expedition, relating to the non-luminosity of the Chinese lantern-fly, *Fulgura candelaria*. Mr. G. R. Waterhouse read the description of a larva found in the stems of aquatic plants, regarded by him as that of *Donacia micans*. Mr. Yarrell exhibited the globular nest formed of white silk by one of the English spiders; and Mr. Stevens numerous rare *Curculionidae*, including a new British species of *Apion*. Mr. Walton mentioned the capture of both sexes of *Apion levigatum* at Berehwood; and Mr. Newport that of *Scolopendrilla nolacantha* at Hastings, the latter being a genus new to the British Fauna. The former gentleman brought for distribution a number of specimens of the rare and beautiful *Apion Limonii*. Mr. Westwood read a memoir on the Australian genus *Mechidi*, belonging to the family *Melolonthidae*; and on several new genera of the same tribe of beetles.

OCT. 4th.—Mr. Saunders in the chair. Numerous donations of entomological works and insects were announced from the Royal Academy of Brussels, Professors Brandt, Pictet, Quetelet, and Von Siebold, A. B. Lambert, Esq., and others. Mr. Westwood exhibited some splendid species of insects from the Gold Coast of Africa, belonging to the collection of Mr. Raddon, including a new species of Goliath beetles, *Eudicella*, &c.; likewise a singular new genus, of large size, allied to *Cicada*, from Australia, belonging to the collection of Mr. Curtis; also a large domestic spider, to the extremity of the cephalo-thorax of which was still attached the exuvium of the dorsum of the former cephalo-thorax, although Mr. Westwood had kept it alive some time. He also exhibited drawings illustrating a curious modification in the cushions of the fore-feet of a new subgenus of *Cicindelidae*, from the Mauritius; and read some additional notes and descriptions of new species of the genera *Cryptodus*, *Mechidi*, and *Parastasia*. Mr. Thrupp read some notes on the habits of the larvæ of certain *Noctua*, which feed upon their own species when kept in confinement; and Mr. Walton mentioned the capture of *Apion dissimile*, a species not hitherto recorded as a native species.

LONDON ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

OCT. 19.—The chairman announced that, since the last meeting of the society, the library had been increased by presents amounting to about

eighty volumes. The secretary then read a translation of "Observations on the electrical effects of the gymnotus," by Professor Schönbein. After stating the progressive increase of information with respect to the torpedo, the author describes the gymnotus, especially that specimen in the Adelaide Gallery. He then states that, in the autumn of 1839, he had permission to go through a series of experiments, and proceeds to detail the results. He says that, when he and his friends approached the vessel in which the eel is kept, "it appeared by no means disturbed nor afraid by the arrival of the new-comers;" but when "he placed himself at the side of the tub, his sleeves tucked up and his arms extended, in order to seize it at the same time by the head and by the tail, it removed suddenly, placed itself at the side of the tub most remote, and did not return on his side so long as he remained there." After receiving the shock, which he compares to that from a very large Leyden jar charged to a maximum, or rather to that from a voltaic battery of 200 pairs, he obtained the spark between the gold leaves of an electroscope and decomposed iodide of potassium. He had not time to decompose water; but states, that although in attempting this, no visible development of gas should occur, yet the fact of electrolysis having taken place would be fully determined, if the platinum electrodes should be found (as he doubts not they would be) polarised. A deviation of the needle 42 deg. indicated, as did the development of iodine in a former experiment, that the positive end of the electrical organ is toward the head. From these facts Professor Schönbein concludes that not only is the force developed similar to that derived from the voltaic pile, but even identical with it; upon the principle that like effects result from like causes. But in examining the nature of the organ by which this power is developed, he observes several points in which it differs most essentially from the voltaic pile. Prominent amongst these were the wide difference between the electro-motive force possessed by the animal substances of the one and the metals and acid of the other; and the power which the creature possesses of controlling at will the action of this organ, even though a complete circuit is formed between the terminals of the organ by the conducting medium. In confirmation of his opinion, that the organ does not act as a voltaic pile, he states that if it be removed from the body, or if the creature be dead, or if the nerves which are connected with it be cut, then all action ceases; and that no combination of the materials of this organ, however skilfully compacted, produces effects in the remotest degree comparable with the action of even a weak voltaic pile. He mentions, also, that the fish has so much control over this power, that it seems to know when it is touched by the hands of a man, and when touched by metal, and that it discharges its electricity accordingly. Again, if the power proceeded from an arrangement analogous to that of the voltaic pile, it would follow that, as soon as the discharge had been made, the apparatus would instantly return to the same degree of electric tension; whereas the reverse is the case with the gymnotus—the development of its power is ever followed by a state of exhaustion. And this is the case with all vital forces; they are exhausted by efforts. This fact of exhaustion seems to demonstrate an intimate relation between the electric force and the vital power of this animal. Then, again, the fish has no more control over the nature of this force, than he has over the nature of animal functions gene-

rally; he can employ it or not, at pleasure; but if he employs it, it must be in accordance with certain natural laws. For instance, the positive terminus is towards the head, and never elsewhere. Numerous experiments were detailed, and conclusions deduced. The negative result to which the professor arrives was, that the true cause of the phenomena is still completely obscure, and must neither be sought for in the physical or chemical constitution, nor in a settled organisation of certain parts of these animals; but that there exists, without our being able at present to determine how, an intimate connexion between the vital actions, dependent on the will of the fish, and the physical phenomena which these vital actions produce.

The next paper read was "An account of a series of experiments with 500 pairs of the water-battery," by Mr. Noad. The deposition of carbon in several kinds of flame, obtained by this arrangement, presents interesting modifications of those phenomena resulting from the experiments of Mr. Gassiot. Mr. Weekes' electrical register for September was then submitted to the society.

FOSSIL FUCOIDS.

In the red sandstone formation of Cheshire, at a place called Storeton Quarry, Mr. John Cunningham of Liverpool has discovered some very interesting geological remains. Of these, a clever lithographic engraving has been kindly sent to us. They represent fossil fucoids in great perfection, and with identical distinctness. There are also slabs containing impressions of the feet of the *Cheirotherium* or *Labyrinthodon*; and we are indebted to Mr. John Hall of Liverpool for the following information respecting these remarkable relics of bygone ages. He writes: "On further investigation in Storeton Quarry, remains of five or six more fucoids were found. This drawing appears to be of parts of at least three plants, if not four, and even five. While at the quarry with Mr. Marrat, we saw a slab of about five inches thick, or rather more; the lower part, or surface, contained casts from impressions of feet in a stratum of clay lying below, while the upper part contained impressions of feet; and in some of these impressions or matrixes the toes were partly remaining, the cast having broken when separating a block of stone which lay above this five-inch slab. On turning up the block, there were the casts, with part of the toes broken off, wanting the pieces which remained in the matrix, or impression, in the upper surface of the five-inch slab. Thus, animals large and small ran over the clay, and left impressions of their feet; then five inches of sand obliterated them; and this sand, sooner or later, became stone. Meanwhile, another thin layer of clay was deposited; and again the same kind of animals left the impressions of their feet in this clay, which was subsequently covered over with fifty or sixty feet of sand, now sandstone of good quality for building. The drawn fucoids are in another part of the quarry, separate from where the impressions and casts of feet are usually found; but these fucoids are also at a depth of about fifty feet. Near to where the impressions and casts are usually found, we picked up a piece of the petrified stem of a fucoid, as thick as that in this drawing, and also noticed traces of other fucoids. The fossil fucoids, and the casts of feet, are only found where there are seams, or joints, in the sandstone-rock. These seams are of three to five inches in thickness, and filled with soft and indurated clay and loose sand, or very soft and friable sandstone. I give you

this information, thinking it may add interest to the drawing, or to assist you, if you please to notice the subject at all in your *Gazette*. Fossil fucoids are not often found of twenty to twenty-seven feet long; and fossils of any kind are very rare in the new red sandstone formation."

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Oct. 19, 1841.

Academy of Sciences. Sitting of Oct. 11.—M. Flourens continued the reading of the paper on the formation of bones. He confined himself to the formation of the *callus* in bones, and adopted the opinion of Duhamel, that this substance was only the hardening of the *periosteum*, and that there was neither a secretion of callous juice, nor a prolongation of the osseous fibre, in the composing of it. The illustrious Haller had thought there was a secretion of the kind just mentioned; but M. Flourens argued that this opinion could not be maintained by experiment.—A letter was read to the Academy from the Minister of Commerce on the question of quarantine. He stated that it had been a point of much anxious inquiry for many years to assign what would be the least possible time requisite for quarantine being kept; but that hitherto the observations and experiments made on the subject had been so contradictory, that nothing could be determined. The minister stated that he had ordered all the documents collected on the subject to be placed at the disposal of the Academy, and that he had subjoined an extract from a despatch of the French consul at Malta relative to some recent cases of plague observed in the lazaretto at that place. A Turkish vessel had arrived on the 5th June last with the plague on board, and was put into quarantine. Three hadjis, three sailors, and a Maltese boatman, died of the plague on board her; and in an Austrian ship, which had also come in with the plague about the same time, a passenger and sailor fell victims to it. It had been hitherto remarked, that no new cases of plague broke out on board vessels once brought into quarantine; that is, that the disease became much weakened when removed from the focus of infection; but in this instance the boatman alluded to above had communicated with the pestiferous persons on the 27th May, the plague only shewed itself on the 7th June, and on the 10th he died of it. On the other hand, the father of this boatman nursed his son during the whole of his illness, and did not receive the infection. Another document, from the board of health of Malta, shewed that a vessel, with 72 Mussulman pilgrims, was put in quarantine at Malta on the 8th July; and though only a few chronic complaints had appeared among them during a passage of 37 days, without the least symptom of plague, yet, on the 24th July, 16 days after the arrival of the ship, a sailor died on board her of the most decided symptoms of the disease. It was impossible, therefore, to say that all precautions against this dreadful malady were totally useless.—M. Beauteemps-Beaupré read a report on the hydrographical results of the voyage of Admiral Dumont d'Urville, and pronounced a high eulogium on the charts, drawings, and geographical observations made during that expedition. He recommended, in the name of the committee appointed on this subject, that the Academy should urge on the Minister of Marine the importance of publishing the maps, &c., just mentioned.—M. Arago presented to the Academy a galvanoplastic bas-relief in silver by M. Soyer, being the first specimen of the application of that process to this metal. M.

Soyer was of opinion, that the process might be applied on such an extensive scale, that even the bronze work of the great elephant on the Place de la Bastille might be formed by means of it, instead of being cast.

The Scientific Congress of Italy had fixed on Parma as the place of meeting for 1843. Application for permission to assemble there was consequently made to the Duchess Maria Louisa; but her imperial highness has refused. The Congress then applied to the Duke of Lucca for leave to assemble in his capital, but his royal highness has not acceded to the request. We have not heard what place has been fixed on.

The officers of the French frigate *Sabine*, Captain Cosmao-Dumanoir, have collected an immense quantity of Mexican antiquities on the island of Sacrificios, where an English vessel of war had previously made a rich discovery of the same nature.

The library of the late M. Belmas, bishop of Cambray, has been bought up with great avidity at Valenciennes, where a bookseller had purchased the whole of it. The *Livre d'Heures* of Mary Queen of Scots, which the bishop was known to have possessed at one time, was expected to have been found in it, but he had given it long ago to Charles X. This book, which the unfortunate queen used on the day of her execution, was given by her to Elizabeth Carte, her lady of honour, who afterwards came and fixed herself at Douai. Here she left the book to the Scotch College, where it was preserved till the Revolution; and at that period, falling into the hands of a workman, was by him sold to a person who was afterwards a chanter in the cathedral. This latter individual sold it to the bishop. It is a small 8vo, in morocco, with gilt edges. The title is, *Officium B. Marie Virginis, nuper reformatum et Pii V. Pont. Max. jussu editum. Parisiis, Jac. Kerver. 1574.* On one margin of the title-page is written, "*Maria, gloriosa Martyr and Queen of Scotland, pray for me.*" At the bottom are the following words: "*This was (a word illegible) Maria of Scotland (two words illegible), was martyred in England for y^e Catholick faith.*" At the back of the title-page is written in the same hand as the above, "*Notite confidere in principibus, in filiis hominum, in quibus non est salus. Spes mea in Domino, qui fecit cælum et terram. In te, Domine, speravi; non confundar in aeternum.*" This verse was what Mary said just as she was about to lay her head on the block. At the end of the book is written, "*Heures de l'incomparable regne d'Ecosse Marie Stuart.*" A. ROBERTSON."

An interesting and extensive series of letters of Henry IV., hitherto unedited, is collecting, and will shortly be published by government. The letters have been searched for in numerous collections, public and private, and about 2500 have been thus brought to light. M. Berger de Xixrey, of the Academy of Inscriptions, is charged by the Minister of Public Instruction with the functions of editor.

M. Tal has arrived at Marseilles, from his tour among the ports of the Levant to collect information on naval archaeology. He has found many important documents; and, among others, has discovered, in the archives of the notaries of Genoa, documents relating to the hiring of vessels by St. Louis for the crusade in 1248, together with numerous bonds entered into by that king with merchants of Genoa who lent him money during his first expedition.

The morning before last, we asked the *garçon* at the café on the Place de la Bourse, where we breakfast every day—(our brown coat and

green spectacles are pretty well known there)—how much coffee he roasted per week for the use of the establishment. His reply was—50 lbs. French, in batches of 25 lbs. each. If you calculate from this, you will find that the consumption of the fragrant berry, in a first-rate Parisian café, is from a ton and a quarter to a ton and a half per annum. Multiply this by the number of cafés in the capital, and add the probable consumption of private families, and you will get a pretty considerable total.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Oct. 15.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. J. Newman, Oriel Coll., grand compounder; Rev. J. C. Buchanan Riddle, fellow of All Souls' Coll.; Rev. W. J. Bennett, St. Edm. Hall.

Bachelor of Arts.—Edw. Douglas, gentleman-commoner of Christ Church.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 14.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. J. E. Dalton, fellow of Queen's College.

Masters of Arts.—F. A. Paley, St. John's College.

Bachelor of Arts.—J. Griffith, Christ's Church.

Auditors of Accounts.—Rev. R. Tatham, B.D., master of St. John's College; Rev. R. Birkett, B.D., fellow of Emmanuel College; Rev. J. Cartmell, M.A., fellow of Christ's College.

12th.—The following were appointed for the ensuing year:—

The Chaplain.—The vice-chancellor.

Divinity.—Rev. R. Tatham, B.D., master of St. John's College.

Law.—Rev. J. W. Geldart, LL.D., Trinity Hall.

Physic.—Rev. W. Fisher, M.D., Downing College.

Sen. non Regent.—Rev. R. Birkett, B.D., Emmanuel.

Sen. Regent.—Rev. J. Smith, M.A., Christ's College.

FINE ARTS.

THE GLASGOW WELLINGTON STATUE.

We observe from the journals of the good town of St. Mungo, that litigation has sprung up in the committee, to perplex the decision of this tribute to our illustrious commander. Justly indignant at the choice of a foreigner to perform the work, an appeal has been made to a court of law by several members who have been outvoted, and who state, as the ground of their appeal, that the conditions on which the artists were invited to compete have not been fulfilled by M. Marochetti. But a letter, signed J. P. Howden, and addressed to the chairman, Mr. Dalglish, puts the question in so striking a light, that we cannot refuse ourselves the satisfaction of adopting it.

"The magnificent sum of 10,000*l.* which has been raised to erect a memorial to the greatest of commanders, and the most honest of politicians, shews the subscribers' anxiety to have their memorial worthy of the person and events they wish it to commemorate. Heroes and patriots never die; therefore they ought to be represented in their middle age, when their mental energies are most vigorous, and when their bodies shew no sign of decay; such our Wellington was in person and feature long after the battle of Waterloo. Judge of my surprise, sir, on being taken to see the model for your great task, to find a bust of the Duke, the size of life, standing beside it, which represents him very much older than when I saw him lately, and as if he had newly recovered from severe disease. Why thus represent the Duke half a lifetime after the period when he achieved his immortal deeds of arms? In the model the figure seems to bear no likeness to his Grace, and the horse upon which he is mounted is out of all character—nature never formed such an animal. In a letter it is difficult to be understood while endeavouring to explain the malformation of a horse, without accompanying drawings. But so far is this horse out of anatomical proportion at the shoulder-blade, at the stifle, and at the hip-bone, that such an animal could move and with the greatest difficulty. Is it likely such a horse would be selected by so good a judge as Wellington? Then it has the hind quarters of the Arab, and a head compounded of the Flanders—then it is broken-winded, the nostrils not being sufficiently closed for rest, nor properly expanded for action; neither does the horse stand as if pulled up on the instant, but like an old strained horse with a contraction of his sinews, and his near hind leg dead lame. His hind-quarters are

placed in an attitude, the purpose of which it would be indecorous to mention, and which would be truly ludicrous in a public statue, were it not for the money such an absurdity is to cost. There seems no reason to doubt that Marochetti intended the Duke to have come up in a hurry, and, from his hat by his side, means him to have made a salute; it is, however, a civil, and not a field-marshal's military salute. If the last-named was to be the action, the marshal with his baton in his right hand touches the corner of his hat, and then brings his arm down by his side, with the baton pointing to the ground. To our modern Alexander we should give a modern Bucephalus; the horse should be a fine, well-bred, and spirited animal, such as the Duke's Copenhagen and the Wellesley Arabian were, with distended nostrils and eyes, the fore-legs placed well out, and the hind legs as much under him; no horseman would allow his horse to stop in any other way, particularly a military man. There should also be an elevated character about the horse, seeming to say, I know whom I carry, I know the value of my burden. I should be sorry to see, sir, stranger to your city though I am, 10,000*l.* expended on a statue to record the bad taste or incompetency of either the artist or the people of the city of Glasgow. I am fond of horses, and profess some intimacy with their structure and habits; and I am anxious to see my country adorned with works of art which may prove her boast, and not her shame. These feelings, I trust, will plead my excuse for this letter."

We fancy M. Marochetti never saw the Duke till very lately; and whilst England possesses horses such as Wellington rode (the envy of all the nations of the Continent), it is a strange contradiction to employ a continental artist to model one for an English hero. His famous horse is decidedly lame of a leg; and the next we think likely to be a composition of various breeds, ancient and modern, which would not bear the examination of any jockey, or dealer, or competent judge amongst us.

Encouragement of Native Arts and Artists.—In our paper on this subject last Saturday, and referring to the patronage of the late Lord Monson, we might have alluded to the noble example set by the late Lord de Tabley, and to the present collection of the Marquess of Lansdowne at Bowood. Nor, among the patrons of British art, should the name of Mr. Vernon be forgotten.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Adventures of Mr. Obadiah Oldbuck. Tilt and Bogue.

AN entertaining book of caricature-sketches, in which the adventures and misadventures of the hero, Mr. Oldbuck, are illustrated with whimsical humour. His courtship of his lady-love, a nice plump damsel, and his final happiness, are the subject of some two hundred drolleries, such as have of late been very popular in Paris; and the present imitation of them is well calculated to have similar good fortune here,—for it is a capital book wherewith to amuse the *cannai* of the drawing-room, or divert the assembled family in the evening-parlour.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

"Yet all alike are men condemn'd to groan,—
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own."—GREY.

—"ONLY this once, my kind friend," said Sir William; "and for the rest of my journey you shall find me docile and obedient to all your wishes,—nay, I will become hard-hearted, and invulnerable to every other attack that may be made on my benevolence; for I do feel that you are right, and that my health is impaired, and my spirit broken, by the daily scenes of misery brought before me, and the failure of my endeavours to benefit all—not to speak of the ungrateful return I have met with from many I have sought to befriend. But in the present case there can be no imposition. Only think, my dear Doctor, what a tale of misery!

—a sick father, a dying mother, and seven poor starving children. Oh, why do I loiter here, while these poor souls are wanting my aid!"

"Another and another case," said Dr. Purden, "will follow on this, as long as you remain in a place where you have become known. Come, come; the carriage is packed—all is ready. Leave money with the landlord, if you like; but let us start at once. Your only safety from repeated persecution is in immediate flight. Of what avail to have left your own comfortable home, if, in every town where fatigue and debility may force you to rest, your sensibility is to be thus taxed? Believe me, my dear Sir William, it is of urgent necessity that you should seek repose from this incessant toil of benevolence."

"And what repose," said Sir William, mildly, "do you think, Doctor, I could taste, while the frantic grief of the bed-ridden father, the low moans of the dying mother, and the cries of seven starving babes, were sounding in my ears? Had not Gregory learnt this pitiable tale, I should have set out this morning, according to your advice; but you must see, my good friend, how impossible it is for me to depart till I have visited and relieved this suffering family. I could, as you say, leave money with the landlord, but that is not all; I must mingle my tears and my prayers with theirs, or I shall not feel that I have done my duty. To-morrow I will be at your service, Doctor; but to-day I must devote to these poor people."

"Yes, and be deceived, as you have been before, Sir William. I wonder what that old fellow was thinking about to come and tell you this marvellous tale! I shall begin to suspect him of being in league to distress you."

"Pie, fie, Doctor—what, my old and faithful Gregory! But I lose time. Name your hour for to-morrow, and rely on me."

"At nine, then," said Dr. Purden; "and meanwhile take my advice, and do not expose yourself, in your present weak state, to the pestilential atmosphere of a sick and crowded room."

And as Sir William, heedless of this caution, hobbled to the door to follow his benevolent intent, the Doctor exclaimed, "Poor fellow! was there ever such a victim to his own kind heart and uncontrolled benevolence! But nothing will ever cure him; for neither proved imposture nor glaring ingratitude can now change that tenderness of heart, which in him may be deemed constitutional softness, and is rather infirmity than virtue. Benevolence, so essential to the happiness of every Christian heart, has become in Sir William's case a scourge, and will, from his want of discrimination and proper restraint, at no distant day make him its victim. That a fellow-creature wants, is sufficient to engage his tenderest sympathies; and by allowing his feelings to be perpetually on the rack, his energies have become absorbed in one mass of commiseration, and his mind reduced to such a state of moral weakness, that I verily believe he dare scarcely tread on a grass-plot, or draw a fresh breath in the open air, lest his foot should crush a worm, or his lungs engulf an insect."

And in Dr. Purden's estimate of Sir William's character there was but little exaggeration. From childhood his excess of feeling had been a source of constant distress to him. A thousand little incidents, which cause mirth to other children, brought floods of tears from his eyes. He could never see his companions even approach a bird's nest without remonstrating on their anticipated cruelty, in a man-

ner which led to his being scoffed at and derided by them. As a man, all field-sports were abhorrent to his nature; and he could never meet the hand of an angler, a fowler, or a coursier, without a shudder, such as other men might have felt in touching the hand of a supposed murderer. The impossibility of his mixing in these many sports necessarily doomed him to a life of seclusion, which still more enervated, and at length rendered him such a prey to his own morbid sensibility, that for weeks together he would reject all animal food, from the impression that it was slaughtered.

To every contemplative mind there is something formidable in reflecting on the perpetual warfare carried on between man and the various animals over whom nature has appointed him lord—many of them ferocious, all endowed with an instinct of self-preservation. Thus man must either conquer or be conquered: if the former, he but fulfils the high behest of Heaven; if the latter, he sinks into insignificance. But to return to Sir William. On reaching the wretched hovel to which Gregory conducted him, he found the tale of misery, alas! too true. Stretched on the floor, in one corner, was a poor emaciated woman, with an infant at her breast, whence it vainly attempted to draw sustenance: the hand of death was on the mother, and the stream of life dried up. Despair beyond description was pictured on the countenance of the father, who had been long a cripple, and could render no assistance to his dying wife, or the famished group that surrounded them.

This was indeed a sight to melt the most obdurate heart; and Sir William wept like a child, while his old servant endeavoured to comfort him by saying, "Thank God, your honour had not set out!" Sir William remained sobbing, even incapable of articulating the promise he wished to give of support and assistance. At this juncture Dr. Purden (who really loved and appreciated the humanity of his intentions, though he felt it incumbent on him to remonstrate on its dangerous excess) appeared at the door of the hovel; and seeing his friend quite overcome, besought him to go into the fresh air, and leave him to do what was most fitting for the sufferers; for he already dreaded the baneful effects of this sick-room on a constitution so enfeebled as Sir William's.

Sir William felt himself too weak to resist the doctor's importunities; and bidding him not to spare expense to assist them, left this poor family in his charge, while he slowly retraced his feeble steps, and severely took himself to task for the neglect of which he supposed himself guilty, in not having sooner discovered that such wretchedness dwelt near him, and for his own indulgence in what might tempt his capricious appetites, while such victims to sickness and famine were within his reach. Sir William passed a wretched night, and was totally unfit to proceed on his journey the following morning. Every hour his strength appeared to decrease; and his mind was so deeply impressed by the recollection of the preceding day's visit, that the Doctor found it impossible to rouse him from the state of dejection into which he had fallen. Finding no amendment, and symptoms of an unfavourable nature becoming manifest, Dr. Purden deemed it right to apprise Sir William's family of his alarming situation. His wife and two children—a son and daughter—hastened to him; but he had become delirious ere they arrived. In his wanderings the same kindness of heart, the same unbounded indulgence, might be traced. His whole existence might be considered a

waking dream, an unearthly vision. With the every-day realities and sweetnesses of life his mind had no sympathy: misery was the atmosphere in which alone he breathed. Happiness he could not taste, because there might be sorrow near him. He was fond of his wife; but it was an affection so mixed with dread lest by its indulgence he might be neglecting the interests of some unknown wanderer, that she could not be called happy. By nature she was cheerful; and he considered this at variance with the path of commiseration he had adopted. The smiles of his children were lost upon him; for his thoughts were ever bent on some miserable object whose sorrows had been related to him; and he would all but reproach them for giving way to the bright and joyous feelings of youth, while so much misery awaited the tribute of their tears.

It was impossible for any one who really knew Sir William not to compassionate him. His heart was formed of the very milk of human kindness; but his want of self-control turned it to a poisoned stream, pouring misery on all who loved him, and overwhelming himself with despair.

As Dr. Purden watched by his bedside, and listened to his melancholy ravings—beheld his wife and children wrapt in fear and sorrow—his own skill pointing out to him how soon they would be left of husband and father, unless some more than mortal hand should stay the fiat that had already gone forth,—how did he pass in review the countless good and kind thoughts and feelings of which he had known Sir William's mind to have been the nursery! He looked back to his infancy, and in vain sought to remember one thought of the child that had not been framed in kindness,—in the man, one act that had not originated from the same feeling; and then he turned to the wasting and expiring form before him, and deeply felt for this victim of his own kind heart.

When Sir William's affairs came to be examined after his death, a bare sufficiency was found for his widow and children—the wreck of a once large fortune; for, as he never could turn away from any demand on his purse or his credit, his name was given when his gold was insufficient; and this weak and indiscriminating bounty, unlike the healthy and happy influence afforded by its exercise when well directed, left a train of evils, disputings, and litigations, for those objects who ought to have been his first care, and scarcely secured one grateful feeling in the hearts of those he had so largely assisted, to the ruin of his own health and injury of his family: proving that even Benevolence, the highest and most god-like talent given for man's use, may, by weak indulgence, become a torture instead of a blessing—a vice rather than a virtue.*

E. C. DE C.

ERRATUM.—The concluding words of the last Sketch should have been "called (not asked) her to themselves."

MUSIC.

Gems of Sacred Melody; being a choice Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Chants, &c., both Ancient and Modern, with the Addition of several Original Compositions. Selected, arranged, and composed by George Worgan. 8vo, pp. 106. Low; Cramer and Co.

This is a delightful work, and does credit to the good taste and industry of Mr. Worgan, as well as to his musical talents. On playing

over the music, we should be inclined particularly to point out the Anthem in p. 3, *Nunc dimittis* in p. 92, and the Collect in p. 94, as beautiful samples of psalmody. The chants are all good; and the volume contains an excellent selection of the favourite tunes in use for sacred worship. With this brief notice we wish success to the compiler's pious labours, which will be a valuable acquisition to every family that desires to cultivate religious musical talent.*

VARIETIES.

Professor Whewell has been appointed to the mastership of Trinity College, Oxford, on the resignation of Dr. Wordsworth.

Public Amusements.—Astley's amphitheatre is about to be rebuilt and re-opened; and a license has been granted to Mr. J. C. Cobbold and Mrs. H. Waldo Astley towards the fulfilment of this undertaking. A license has also been granted for Vauxhall Gardens.

Modern Fossil Wood—not a mere incrustation, but a complete conversion of a small slab or block of deal into a silicified substance, retaining the fibrous texture, grain, sap, &c., of the original wood. The petrification has taken place within the period of the existence of the houses in Bedford Row, Holborn; for on breaking into a portion of the wall of No. 22, undergoing repair, near to the course of the water-pipes (the wall being in a damp state), the workmen struck out the fossil, a small piece of which we have before us. The workmen appropriated the larger specimens, several of which, we understand, were readily disposed of to a curiosity-dealer in the neighbourhood. The fossil must have been originally built in as deal,—a common occurrence in a brick wall. In such a case, whence could the silex be derived? Could the sand of the mortar supply it? Or is this an instance of the conversion of carbon?

Calculating Machine.—Since our last we have had an opportunity of inspecting Dr. Roth's invention, and witnessing its performances in the hands of the patentee, M. Wertheimer. As we anticipated, the report whence we derived our last week's account greatly exaggerated the powers of the machine;—they do not extend beyond the simple rules of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, and consequently do not include "vulgar and decimal fractions, involution and evolution, arithmetical and geometrical progression, and the construction of logarithms with ten plans (places?) of decimals." Notwithstanding, however, and as we also anticipated, the apparatus is exceedingly ingenious and highly meritorious. Multiplication with five figures, and an equally complicated division-sum, were worked out with perfect accuracy. It would be of little use to attempt by description to convey an idea of the calculating machine; it must be seen to be appreciated. The principal novelty is, we understand, a contrivance by which a cog-wheel withdraws its cogs as a snail its horns, on being touched; and thus, as in the case of an 0, the whole of the cogs withdrawn, the wheel revolves in its turn without causing progression in corresponding wheels. Besides

• We are much in arrear with our musical review; and songs, quadrilles, waltzes, &c. &c., have so accumulated, that we can scarcely distinguish the old from the new. We are determined, however, to try back, as the common expression is, at the risk of some little confusion in respect of priority of position, and relieve our table. This week we can only notice one of these works. We shall have more space in future numbers.

the circular machine with the foregoing powers, there was a small oblong apparatus arranged for the subtraction and addition of English money. The sum given was the deduction or otherwise of one farthing from one thousand pounds. A single slight movement gave the result, 999*l.* 19*s.* 11*d.*, or vice versa.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A new work, in Paris, is announced, to be called "The Gallery of Antiquities," and to consist of the principal Antiques in the Collection of the British Museum, from Drawings by F. Arundale and J. Bonomi, with Descriptions by S. Birch. The first part will be Illustrations from the Egyptian Antiquities, commencing with the best examples of the most interesting of the sacred animals will be next selected, with descriptions of the numerous localities in which these objects are preserved.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Picturesque Annual: Paris in 1841, by Mrs. Gort, with 21 Engravings, royal 8vo, 2*l.*; India Proofs, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*—**The Keepsake**, edited by the Countess of Blessington, roy. 8vo, 2*l.*; India proofs, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*—**Book of Beauty**, edited by the Countess of Blessington, roy. 8vo, 2*l.*; India proofs, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*—**Dictionary of the Art of Printing**, by W. Savage, 8vo, 2*l.*—**Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck**, edited by Jane Porter, new edit., 2 vols. post 8vo, 2*l.*—**Dr. Keble on the Evidence of Prophecy**, 29th edit., 12mo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—**Additional Remarks on the Scottish Poor-Law**, by Dr. Monypenny, 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—**Principles of Mechanism**, by R. Willis, 8vo, 15*s.*—**Pindar's Odes**, revised and explained by J. W. Donaldson, 8vo, 16*s.*—**Angiolina dell' Albano: a Play**, by Lady E. S. Wortley, 8vo, 5*s.*—**The Maiden of Moscow: a Poem**, by Lady F. S. Wortley, 8vo, 5*s.*—**Nesander's History of the Church**, translated by the Rev. H. J. Rose, Vol. II., 8vo, 12*s.*—**Sermons by the Rev. H. Boys**, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—**History of the Life of Richard Cœur de Lion**, by G. P. R. James, 2 vols. 8vo, 2*l.*—**On the Remote Cause of Epidemic Diseases**, by J. Parkin, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—**Pictures of Christian Life**, by R. A. Willmott, fcp. 6*s.*—**Wild Flowers, and other Poems**, by A. S. T., fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*—**The Hopes of the Church in connexion with the Jews**, &c., 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—**Capt. Gerard's Account of the Koonawur in the Himalaya**, edited by G. Lloyd, 8vo, 14*s.*—**An Inquiry into the Wealth of Individuals**, by T. Corbett, post 8vo, 6*s.*—**The Settlements of the New Zealand Company**, by the Hon. H. W. Petre, 8vo, 3*s.*—**Observations on Feculent Consumption**, by J. S. Campbell, M.D., 8vo, 15*s.*—**The Theology of the Early Christian Church**, by J. Bennett, D.D., 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—**Historical Memorials of the Independents**, &c., by R. Hainbury, Vol. II., 8vo, 14*s.*—**Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1842**, 4to, 2*l.*—**Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book for 1842**, 8vo, 3*s.*—**Fisher's Rhine, Italy, and Greece**, 4to, 2*l.*—**The Universal Directory for Destroying Vermin**, by R. Smith, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—**Treatise on the Uses of Cod-Liver Oil**, by J. H. Bennett, M.D., 8vo, 6*s.*—**Reid's Manual of Scottish Stocks and British Funds**, r. 18mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—**History of the British Empire in India**, by E. Thornton, Vol. I., 8vo, 16*s.*—**Childre Harold**: with 62 Vignettes, roy. 8vo, 2*l.* 2*s.*—**Dr. R. Hawker's Sacramental Meditations**, 4th edit., 18mo, 2*s.*—**Pietas Ecclesiae**, or, the Dissenter's Text-Book, by W. Palmer, 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—**The Rollo Code of Morals**, by Jacob Abbott, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—**The Modern French Phrase-Book**, by E. Browne, 12mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—**Rev. T. T. Smith's Hulsean Lectures for 1840**, 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—**Edwy: a Historical Poem**, by J. B. Warrell, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—**The Romance of the Dreamer**, by J. E. Carpenter, 12mo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—**Friendship's Offering for 1842**, edited by Leitch Ritchie, fcp. 12*s.*—**The Forget-Me-Not for 1842**, fcp. 12*s.*—**The Statutes at Large**, 4to, Vol. XV. Part 3, 1*s.*—**Songs of the Moral Sympathies**, by Rev. John Peat, 12mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1841.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 7	From 37.5 to 56	28.92 to 29.61
Friday ... 8	... 44 ... 55	29.07 ... 29.40
Saturday ... 9	... 43 ... 54	29.62 ... 29.77
Sunday ... 10	... 41 ... 57	29.77 ... 29.57
Monday ... 11	... 48 ... 57	29.52 ... 29.47
Tuesday ... 12	... 41 ... 53	29.00 ... 29.16
Wednesday ... 13	... 41 ... 54	29.76 ... 29.85

Wind south-west on the 7th, west and north-west on the 8th, west on the 9th, south-west on the 10th, south-west on the 11th, south-east and west on the 12th, and south-west on the 13th.

On the 7th morning and evening clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain; the 8th generally cloudy, raining frequently in the morning and afternoon; the 9th morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise generally clear; the 10th a general overcast, frequent and heavy showers

* We trust to publish a counterpart to this Sketch in our next.—Ed.

of rain during the afternoon and evening; the 11th afternoon overcast, rain at times, otherwise clear; the 12th morning cloudy, afternoon overcast, heavy showers of rain between 12 and 5 P.M., evening clear; the 13th morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the evening.
Rain fallen 1.365 inch.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 14	From 46 to 68	29.75 to 29.68
Friday . . . 15	40 . . . 58	29.43 . . . 29.68
Saturday . . . 16	40 . . . 57	29.44 . . . 29.52
Sunday . . . 17	42 . . . 58	29.45 . . . 29.39
Monday . . . 18	47 . . . 53	29.50 . . . 29.80
Tuesday . . . 19	43 . . . 54	29.43 . . . 29.86
Wednesday . . . 20	36 . . . 53	29.84 . . . 29.61

Prevailing wind, S.W.

On the 14th generally clear; the 15th morning cloudy, with heavy rain, afternoon and evening clear, a heavy shower of rain about 5 P.M.; the 16th morning and afternoon overcast, raining from about 4 A.M. till 3 P.M., evening clear; the 17th morning cloudy, otherwise generally clear; a little rain fell between 6 and 7 P.M.; the 18th generally clear; the 19th morning overcast, with heavy rain, otherwise generally clear; the 20th clear. A small meteor seen in the west about half-past eight on the evening of the 16th.

Rain fallen 1.375 inch, of which 61-hundredths of an inch fell during the morning of the 19th.

Edmonion.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are afraid Sydney Devon must study polish a little more in his brief productions, where the thoughts ought to be clothed in perfectly poetical language.

The notice of *Lavoisne's Atlas* is an advertisement. **ERRATUM.**—In our review of *Madame Lafarge* the name of Col. B—ought, we believe, to be Brack, and not Bright.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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